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The Messianic Pose

POST-COLD-WAR DELUSIONS

H. STUART HUGHES

Washington Wire: COLD EYE ON JOHNSON

Robert G. Sherrill

AT&T: The Folksy Octopus

Desmond Smith

Hooligans and Indians

William Eastlake

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LETTERS

General Hershey replies

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: The greatest misunderstandings that have arisen from the recent reclassification of a few students of the University of Michigan are, first, the widespread view that this procedure is something new in Selective Service, designed for this particular occasion, and second, the feeling that these students were reclassified because they were protesting United States policy in Vietnam.

Any reclassification action taken by local boards in the cases of these students was not related in any way to the political views of the registrants or their right to express them, by demonstration or otherwise. It was taken solely because these students, by their sit-in in a local board, interfered with the administration of the Selective Service Act in that board. Such action is prohibited by the Selective Service Act. Through the years, similar action has been taken in cases of men who failed to register, failed to keep their board advised of their current address or change in status, failed to report for physical examination, destroyed or mutilated their draft cards, or committed other acts which are in violation of the Selective Service Act or regulations. In these cases the local board has sole responsibility, delegated to it by the Congress, to determine whether the action of a registrant justifies reclassification or a declaration of delinquency.

For those who believe that Selective Service action in the Michigan cases was designed to curtail free speech or expression of political views, it should be pointed out that there was a demonstration in front of the Selective Service National Headquarters building in Washington not long ago, staged by students urging termination of the war in Vietnam and also the termination of the Selective Service Act. There was no thought of reporting these young people to their draft boards, because their protest was peaceful and legal, with no effort on their part to interfere with the normal conduct of business in the headquarters.

The Congress in the Selective Service Act, the President in the Selective Service regulations, and the courts in their opinions, have made it clear that no classification is permanent, that steps should be taken by the boards to keep currently informed concerning the status of classified registrants, and to examine their files in the light of world conditions and events, so that military requirements may be safeguarded.

The Congress has delegated to the local boards power to hear and determine, subject to the right of appeal, all questions or claims with respect to inclusion for, or exemption or deferment from, training and service for all individuals within the jurisdiction of such boards. It has further provided that the decisions of the local board shall be final, except where appeal is authorized and taken.

Each registrant, under the law and regulation is considered available for military service until his eligibility for deferment is clearly established to the satisfaction of the local board. No classification is permanent, boards are required to reopen a classification if there is a change in the registrant's status during the period of deferment, and any person having knowledge must report to the local board within ten days any fact that might result in a registrant being placed in a different classification.

In any case of reclassification, of course, the registrant is entitled to a personal appearance and appeal.

The regulation defining a student classification does not prescribe or require any particular scholastic achievement, and the Congress has made it very clear that local boards may not be required to base a student classification solely upon a registrant's scholastic ability. Within three months after President Truman authorized the deferment of students on a basis of test score or class standing, and at a time when responsible people in government and in the educational field believed that a student deferment would be mandatory if a registrant met the prescribed criteria of test score or class standing, the Congress amended the law to provide: "Notwithstanding any provisions of this act, no local board, appeal board, or other agency of the Selective Service System shall be required to postpone or defer any person by reason of his activity in study . . . or other endeavors found to be necessary to the maintenance of the national health, safety, or interest solely on the basis of any test, examination, selection system, class standing, or any other means conducted, sponsored, administered or prepared by any agency or department of the federal government or any private institution . . . or individual employed by an agency or department of the federal government."

Gen. Lewis Hershey, Director
Selective Service System

Advance proofs of "General Hershey's Big Stick" by Carl Cohen (*The Nation*, Dec. 27) were sent to President Johnson, Lieut. Gen. Lewis Hershey, Richard Russell, chairman of the Sen-

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The Peace Feeler

On Friday, December 17, the State Department announced that the U.S. was seeking "clarification" of a purported peace feeler from Hanoi. The Saturday morning papers gave prominent space to this development, which involved Italy's foreign minister, Amintore Fanfani, and two Italian professors known to him. Later in the day the bubble burst with a bang so loud that Sunday's *New York Times* carried stories on pages 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 of the first section, a four-column roundup in "The News of the Week in Review," and an editorial, "Crushed Hope in Vietnam," that was critical of Washington's handling of the affair.

Whatever the proportions of truth and falsehood in the medley which was served up to the American public, two points stand out: First, the incident underlined the world-wide eagerness for an end to the futile and increasingly dangerous conflict; second, it left little doubt that at this stage the Johnson Administration prefers to exert further battlefield and aerial bombing pressures before negotiating.

What the Vietnamese proposals actually amounted to is hidden in the obfuscations of the belligerents and the do-it-yourself diplomacy of the two professors. They talked with President Ho Chi Minh and Premier Pham Van Dong for ninety minutes, presumably about other things than the weather. Clearly, the Hanoi assertion that the whole report was a "sheer, groundless fabrication" is itself a fabrication. Ho Chi Minh may not have echoed Secretary Rusk's asserted willingness to go anywhere, to meet anyone, but with both North and South Vietnam being devastated, it is a safe conclusion that some sort of overture, however tenuous, was made and transmitted on November 20 by Mr. Fanfani in his capacity of president of the UN General Assembly. The public statements of Secretary Rusk and President Johnson in the interval, and above all U.S. military operations in the same period, necessitated a complete disavowal by Hanoi. Since Mr. Rusk and Mr. Johnson know the rules of the game, it seems inescapable that if this was not precisely their aim, they were willing to risk such an outcome by acknowledging receipt of Mr. Fanfani's letter.

The State Department action must be viewed against the earlier disclosure that in 1964, Secretary Rusk had summarily rejected a suggestion from Hanoi, transmitted through U Thant, for a meeting of U.S. and North Vietnamese emissaries in Rangoon. The manner in which this brush-off came to light had earned Washington a bad press and given rise to increased distrust abroad. Washington was eager to avoid a recurrence and when it learned that the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* had got word of the peace feeler, it decided to break the story itself. This torpedoed the prospective negotiations, although most of the discussion in Mr. Rusk's December 4 letter to Mr. Fanfani was quite in order. But what about the Rusk-Johnson statements between November 20 and December 4? If there was a genuine desire for peace, one would have expected either no comment or noncommittal remarks befitting the delicacy of the situation. Instead, the President and Mr. Rusk continued to complain of the "completely negative" attitude of Hanoi and the "discouraging response" to all American efforts to bring about talks.

Mr. Rusk's letter to Mr. Fanfani sounds as though he believed that the North Vietnamese had been softened up by the recent course of the war and hoped, when negotiations did take place, to put the squeeze on them at the conference table. In the meantime, more of the same treatment could not fail to be efficacious. This would be consistent with the use of B-52s against infiltration routes in North Vietnam and Laos, the bombing of the Haiphong power plant, large by Vietnamese standards, and plans for American invasions of Laos and Cambodia to check reinforcement of the Vietcong—while the U.S. was preparing to put 300,000 to 400,000 men into the field. This may, in fact, now become necessary, unless someone can manage to pull the fat out of the fire.

Fortunately—thanks largely to Pope Paul VI's timely and forceful intervention—a thirty-hour Christmas cease-fire was ordered by way of response to the earlier Vietcong proposal for a twelve-hour pause in hostilities. What is needed, as the Pope stressed, is cessation of fighting for an interval sufficient to give the parties an opportunity for "reflection and negotiation" and, also, to test their good faith and willingness to negotiate. A cease-fire that can be extended from twelve to thirty hours can be extended for a longer period or can simply be continued *sine die*. If there were a stabilized front, negotiations might have gotten under way while the fighting continued; it has happened in other wars. But in Vietnam there are no "lines" or "fronts" and the fighting includes acts of individual terrorism and sabotage from one end of South Vietnam to the other. In such a situation a cease-fire is imperative, if only to enable the participants to decide whether, how, when and where they will negotiate. In a sense, therefore, the first step toward peace in Vietnam has been taken; both sides have much to gain and nothing to lose by continuing the Christmas respite into 1966.

The Heat on TV

Vietnam is the first "television war" and so a new chapter opens in the eternal conflict between government and the news-gathering agencies. Not that TV cameramen and correspondents always tell the truth, nor that the government trafficks only in lies; but when a war is on, especially a war of aggression, the special interest of government is to make the war look as good as possible. A reporter, on the other hand, needs a certain irreducible proportion of truth or he has no story. The resulting hassles are now agitating the tele-

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vision industry—and should agitate the newsprint media as well.

Television and radio are in a more vulnerable position than newspapers and magazines. The electronic media are subject to government licensing and a host of administrative regulations which affect their daily operations. While the Federal Communications Commission is theoretically independent of the executive departments, the commissioners are appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate, and a maze of connections exists at all levels of power between the networks and governmental functionaries. The latter, fighting the war in Washington, are continually tempted to tamper with the news, and since the public is getting more and more of its news electronically, the urge to censor is focused more and more on TV, which brings both sight and sound from the battlefield into the home.

The radio-TV correspondent and the script writer back at the network headquarters are not oblivious to these facts of life. And they are human. Hence, self-censorship operates cumulatively with governmental censorship, even when the latter is unsuccessful. The salaried employee says to himself: I can't put that on film, I'll never get away with it. The more sensitive the area, the more cautious he is apt to be; in effect he is doing the censor's work for him. Anything that involves the CIA, for instance, is known to bring severe pressures from on high.

The cases that become known are only the part of the iceberg that floats above the surface. When C.B.S. correspondent Morley Safer filed a story on our soldiers burning the huts of a Vietnam village, and the film footage showed a GI actually touching his cigarette lighter to a thatched roof, the action was at first angrily denied by the State Department, then justified on the ground that the village concealed a network of Vietcong tunnels. According to *Variety* (December 15 and 22), this story and footage "reportedly" brought pressure from the White House. Fred Friendly, the president of C.B.S. News, was asked to air a retraction; he refused. Also involved in this incident was Arthur Sylvester, the ubiquitous censor of the Defense Department. "He [Sylvester] was on the phone every fifteen minutes, raising hell," one network man reported.

Another incident in which right prevailed was N.B.C.'s *The Tunnel*, made in Berlin. The State Department wanted the program canceled and forced a high-level conference of government and network officials in Washington. N.B.C. refused to kill the film and later the State Department ordered 100 copies for world distribution—to show what a free country we are.

Under its present chairman, E. William Henry, the FCC is in many respects an admirable agency. It should look into cases of attempted coercion. It should not only prescribe and regulate; as far as lies in its power it should protect the broadcasters in the free exercise of their responsibility to the public. Educational TV might do a study of the ways in which pressure is applied in the commercial sectors of the medium. But the best hope lies with the printed press. In a sense, radio, TV and the printed media are rivals; but more important, they complement one another, and censorship menaces all. If it is tolerated in TV, the newspapers will be the next to feel it.

The Loud Little Handful

In this issue (p. 7) H. Stuart Hughes calls attention to the fact that European intellectuals have had occasion far more frequently than their American counterparts to criticize their governments for engaging in wars that offended their sense of morality and fair play. Such a situation, writes Mr. Hughes, is "almost without precedent in American history" although it is "perfectly familiar in the European democratic tradition." Among the exceptions which Mr. Hughes perhaps had in mind were Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain. In a speech of January 12, 1848, Lincoln had this to say of the war with Mexico:

> The war . . . was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President. . . . When the war began, it was my opinion that all . . . should . . . remain silent on that point, at least until the war should be ended. Some leading Democrats, including ex-President Van Buren, have taken this same view. . . . I think I should still adhere to it were it not that the President . . . tells us that Congress with great unanimity had declared that "by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that government and the United States," when the same journals that informed him of this also informed him that when the declaration stood disconnected from the question of supplies, sixty-seven in the House, and not fourteen merely, voted against it. . . . I cannot be silent.
>
> As to the mode of terminating the war and securing peace, the President is equally wandering and indefinite. First, it is to be done by a more vigorous prosecution of the war in the vital parts of the enemy's country; and after apparently talking himself tired on this point, the President drops down into a half-despairing tone, and tells us that "with a people distracted and divided by contending factions, and a government subject to constant changes by successive revolutions, the continued success of our arms may fail to secure a satisfactory peace." Then he suggests the propriety of wheedling the Mexican people to desert the counsels of their own leaders, and, trusting in our protestations, to set up a government from which we can secure a satisfactory peace; telling us that "this may become the only mode of obtaining such a peace." But soon he falls into doubt of this too; and then drops back on to the already half-abandoned ground of "more vigorous prosecution." All this shows that the President is in no wise satisfied with his own position. First he takes up one, and in attempting to argue us into it he argues himself out of it, then seizes another and goes through the same process, and then, confused at being able to think of nothing new, he snatches up the old one again, which he has some time before cast off. His mind, taxed

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> beyond its power, is running hither and thither, like some tortured creature on a burning surface, finding no position on which it can settle down and be at ease. Again, it is a singular omission in this message that it nowhere intimates when the President expects the war to terminate. . . . He [President Polk] is a bewildered, confounded, and miserably perplexed man. God grant he may be able to show there is not something about his conscience more painful than his mental perplexity.

When this speech was made the nation was still at war and what Lincoln said then applies with equal force today; incidentally the speech should be of special interest to the leaders of the Republican Party. Nor is Lincoln the only distinguished American who found it impossible to remain silent while the government pursued a war which his conscience would not permit him to approve. "The loud little handful," wrote Mark Twain, at the time of the Spanish-American War, "as usual, will shout for the war. . . . A few fair men . . . will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speaker stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war cry, and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and presently such mouths will cease to open."

The curious thing about our democratic tradition is that never, but never, have any of those who make up this "loud little handful" been harassed, bullied, stoned, ostracized, or otherwise punished, formally or informally, for advocating the use of force or preaching war. When one reads of students in Des Moines being suspended from school because they wore anti-war armbands to manifest their hatred of war—and of a football coach who urged the student body to chant, "Beat the Vietcong" and called those who refused to do so "pinkos or Communists"—one is troubled by the thought that we are still not quite the peace-loving nonviolent Christian nation we fondly imagine ourselves to be.

STATEMENTS TO OUR READERS

In the Centennial Issue, Carey McWilliams wrote: "No one has ever 'owned' *The Nation*; it is impossible to own or possess it or bequeath it or sell it or mortgage it." In reality, *The Nation's* owners have been trustees who have held in trust for each succeeding generation a property of enormous, true value, regardless of what its financial worth may be.

For slightly more than ten years, I have been that trustee. Today, by all conventional measurements, *The Nation* is in the best condition it has enjoyed for years. Its circulation is now higher than at any time during the decade and is increasing at a satisfactory rate without promotion, without offering bargain rate "trial" subscriptions or other expensive "come-ons." Perhaps this growth is attributable to the publicity surrounding the celebration of the 100th Anniversary and the good will and wide acclaim engendered by the Centennial Issue. Perhaps the increased acceptance is due to an ever-widening sympathetic response to the magazine's continuous and continuing protest against the senseless war that is being waged in Vietnam. For whatever reason or combination of reasons, *The Nation's* health at the conclusion of its 100th year of existence is good. For whatever contribution I have made to its well-being as trustee, I am proud.

The completion of the magazine's first century of life ends one era and marks the beginning of a new one. It is a fitting time for a new trustee to take over. From my personal viewpoint there are many things I hope to accomplish in the years ahead. The new publisher has already been introduced to *The Nation's* readers through his achievement in producing the 100th Anniversary Issue. James Storrow probably learned more about the history and traditions of *The Nation* in preparing this issue than any of his predecessors knew about the journal at the time that they assumed responsibility. Mr. Storrow graduated from Harvard University in 1940 and spent one year at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. During World War II he was a member of the Seabees and served widely in the islands of the Pacific.

Mr. Storrow's task will be made lighter by the fact that every single member of the staff from the editors to the office boy has accepted his invitation to continue at their present assignments. A more loyal or competent group could not be assembled, and my own happy anticipation of the future is tempered only with regret that I will no longer share the day-to-day activities of my highly valued colleagues. My thanks go to each one of them for their devotion to *The Nation* and for their enrichment of my life.

On hundreds of nights in a dozen seas, I have reenacted the ancient ritual that occurs on ships each four hours the world over. A shape emerges out of the dark on the navigation bridge, salutes and says, "I am ready to relieve you, Sir." Information is exchanged as to the course and speed of the vessel, hazards to navigation which may be encountered, and whatever intelligence is available regarding the activities of the enemy. Satisfied that all is well, the new officer again salutes, accompanied by the ritual words, "I relieve you, Sir." The salute is returned with an informal expression of good will, and the watch on deck retires, knowing that the ship is in good hands.

GEORGE G. KIRSTEIN

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When George Kirstein asked me, two years ago, if I would undertake to prepare a special issue of *The Nation* in celebration of the magazine's hundredth anniversary, I questioned myself long and hard whether I was the right person for such a task. My background in business was varied but did not include publishing. But I had been a regular reader of *The Nation* and of other publications of its genre, felt what they had to say to be extremely important to a free society, and strongly disagreed with the often-expressed opinion that the magazine of dissent had become an anachronism. Diffidence finally succumbed to enthusiasm for the challenge, and I accepted the assignment. Mr. Kirstein, I think, had known all along that I would.

Today, upon becoming permanent publisher of *The Nation,* diffidence again makes itself felt. But I have come to know well the magazine and its history, and recognize its proprietorship as a unique public trust, unlike any other in or out of publishing. This trust has for over ten years been in the exceptionally capable hands of George Kirstein. He has guided *The Nation* with honesty, dedication and great competence. He has led it through many dark hours, to a point of renewed promise today. Of his period of stewardship, he may be proud, and we should be thankful for it.

I have undertaken to be the fiduciary of this trust because I believe that the magazine of opinion and dissent has to play a more vital role than ever before, in a free press which (with some significant exceptions) has ineluctably been losing its freedom. Competition between newspapers has steadily been fading. Our communications media are now more dominated by the advertising industry than ever. And "news management" is an excessively polite euphemism for what issues (or fails to) from official sources of information. I believe that only an informed people can remain free, and the only journal truly free to inform must draw its major support from its readers. Finally, I am convinced that there are enough intelligent, interested and involved people in this country who are willing to pay for *The Nation,* and thereby to know that it is beholden only to them. I'm betting on it.

JAMES J. STORROW, JR.

WASHINGTON WIRE

Cold Eye On Johnson . . . . . Robert G. Sherrill

Washington, D.C.

All eyes are on Johnson. There is little curiosity here about what the Supreme Court will do this term, although it has several very important decisions to make; and even less curiosity about what Congress, led by tired and imitative men, would do if left alone next session. Everything is Lyndon, Lyndon. Did the President smile or frown, and what does it mean? Doesn't he look paler today than he did yesterday? All the rumors, all the speculations are tied to the actions of one man.

And for good reason. The President has manipulated himself into a position of extraordinary personal power by playing upon the nation's gratitude for his accomplishments through the 1965 Congress, its fears for the preservation of national pride in the Asian war, and its general confusion about what everything is all about anyway. Binding these sticks into a scepter of authority that any Hadrian would be proud to walk behind is the stout cord of duplicity.

The whole town reeks of it. Hubert Humphrey on December 7: "As of today there is no immediate threat of inflation." Two days later, Federal Reserve Board chairman, William McChesney Martin, said he raised the price of credit because "the U.S. economy is now facing inflationary pressures." Who was telling the truth? Johnson said he "regretted" Martin's actions, but *The Wall Street Journal* believes this is so much pretense—that Johnson actually wanted the raise, only he wanted it in January. And another financial writer, challenging Johnson's sincerity, points out that if he really wants to reverse Martin he can do it by a friendly appointment to fill the vacancy when a pro-Martin member leaves the board this month. Or will Johnson use the board's action as an excuse not to seek an extension of the minimum wage law?

Uncertainty, uncertainty. Top men in the antitrust division of the Department of Justice are let go. Division chief, Donald F. Turner, announcing a new policy, says he is less interested in how big corporations get than he is in the total effect of their mergers. He wants to do away with criminal actions, stick to civil suits. The number of antitrust suits of any kind have been dropping steadily, year by year. Now this means an even softer approach. What's left to protect competition?

The Vietnam situation is utter confusion and chaos in the capital. ". . . We are equally determined that every prospect for peace be exhausted before other hard steps be taken." What does he mean? *The Washington Post* headlines it, "Johnson Hints New Vietnam Escalation." The Washington *Star* makes the same hot-blooded interpretation. The Baltimore *Sun* hears it differently: "Johnson Pledges Every Effort to End Viet War," and *The Wall Street Journal* also detects the cooing dove.

Two weeks after a panel of civilian experts, appointed by Johnson, urged him not to expand the nation's missile armory, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara announces that the nation's defenses will in the future rely much more heavily on missiles. When Russian Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin complains that his country will have to increase its military budget 5 per cent because the United States is "setting the military tone," our State Department ridicules his complaint as "extreme distortion" and Secretary of State Dean Rusk says this nation is a "shepherd of peace." But within forty-eight hours McNamara is announcing an increase of at least 10 per cent in the overall defense budget and a new $1.75 bil-

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lion building program for superbombers that will maintain our bomber force at *four* times the strength of Russia's. The Pentagon reveals the existence of a "hot-line telephone" for directing the war in Vietnam, and McNamara surrenders control of the war to the generals: "We will supply whatever forces our military commanders request, when they are requested."

The voices of Congressional dissent are growing feebler. Sen. George McGovern, once a gadfly against the Administration's handling of the Vietnam problem, now says that "we have gone too far . . . to curtail our military commitment —we have already crossed that bridge." And the voices seeking fierce suppression of dissent are growing stronger. Rep. Olin Teague, one of Johnson's Texas friends, suggests: "It's time we stopped talking about free speech and talked a little bit about treason. . . . Dissent gone too far is treason."

Johnson tells the national AFL-CIO convention by telephone that our only purpose is to help South Vietnam, but Seymour Topping reports from Saigon in *The New York Times* that the presence of the American troops has created a disastrous inflationary condition and that the traditional rural structure of life there is "crumbling."

Secretary Rusk insists that the bombing of North Vietnam has done damage to the enemy's movements of troops and supplies, but both Topping and James Cameron, a British newsman who traveled through the northern province, say that the bombings have had little effect other than, in Cameron's words, "to weld the nation together unshakably."

The year 1965 ended in depressing contradictions. Dealing again with the home front, the Defense Department announces the closing of 149 military bases for a total annual savings of $410 million. But one of the Maryland units on the list turns out to have been closed six months ago, with the personnel simply absorbed elsewhere on the base. The local newspaper editorially jeers at Johnson for handing out phony information "to garner a favorable image. Where is the financial savings?" Where indeed?

And the same question came up again when word got out that, instead of closing down bases in the area, the Defense Department plans to expand one Navy boot camp in Maryland by $65 million over the next five years. The Defense Department confirmed the plans to Senator Brewster, but denied them to the Washington *Daily News*.

Washington has never been the best town for finding an honest answer, but of late slippery misrepresentation has become an accepted mark of the Administration. That Johnson is not criticized more loudly for it is partly because he has successfully planted the thought spoken by Teague—"dissent gone too far is treason"—but also because the nation believes that, whatever his tactics, his objectives are pure. And in proof of that, it is common to point to his legislative achievements of the past session.

However, a fresh look at what were hailed as major achievements shows that the nation's gratitude has been demanded for more than is really there, or is likely to be. The Medicare program, which is supposed to have been Johnson's greatest victory of 1965, is expected to pay less than half the medical expenses of old people. If that is a step forward, one might be justified nevertheless in asking: toward what? There are signs that the result will not be so much the subsidizing of needy people as the subsidizing of an industry. Oddly enough, Johnson's Administration has turned over to the American Medical Association—which spent without stint to fight Medicare ($1 million in the last three months before its passage)—the responsibility of making the rules of the program, along with insurance and hospital association officials, who also bitterly contested the new law.

The medical industry's change of face, if not of heart, may perhaps be understood from such remarks as this, by Kenneth Williamson, associate director of the American Hospital Association: "For the first time, a federal law has clearly stated that hospitals must be reimbursed for the 'reasonable cost' of their services. This is of utmost significance and should provide enormous reassurance to hospitals. . . . It is in sharp contrast to those agencies of state and local government which through the years have beaten down hospitals on the reasonable costs of their services."

He called Medicare "a great new source of financing." One may be

Vicky, London Evening Standard: Ben Roth

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forgiven for waiting a bit before giving thanks to LBJ.

Along the same line, as the Chicago *Daily News*'s James McCartney outlined so crisply, Johnson gave in quietly and almost completely to the AMA on another of his much-heralded projects of compassion. Back in January, 1965, Johnson said he was launching an "all-out drive" on the three deadliest diseases: heart attack, cancer and stroke. A Presidential commission offered a program that would cost $2.9 billion over five years. The Administration's version that went to Congress asked for $1.2 billion. Congress cut out 70 per cent of that and twenty AMA-demanded amendments were tacked on, with the Administration's approval. Now the "all-out drive" is referred to by Administration officials, unashamedly, as "a foot in the door."

Much else of Johnson's program would indicate that he does not open doors wide enough for much to pass through. The Voter Registration Act of 1965 did not get the ballyhoo of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which was supposed to be the last word in emancipation; still the vote law was expected to work wonders. It hasn't. Johnson's underlying suspicion of civil rights is once again coming to the top. Just as he helped gut "his" civil rights bill of 1957 by supporting the amendment denying the attorney general enforcement powers, and just as, in 1960, he led opposition to giving the attorney general the right to bring civil rights lawsuits (he voted with the South on thirteen of the nineteen amendments to the bill that year), Johnson is still holding the attorney general's office almost powerless.

Not only has Katzenbach refused (on the President's orders, surely) to send more than a skeleton crew of registrars into the South, he has rendered useless the Community Relations Service—which Johnson, in a cruel moment, transferred from the Commerce Department to the Justice Department. Can one imagine any aroused community in the South negotiating through the hated Justice Department?

And the powers given to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for cutting off federal funds to schools that don't integrate were once hailed as the mightiest integrating tool made by the Act of 1964. This might have proved to be true, if Johnson had used the powers. On the contrary, Southern school systems sent in "integration" plans that kept Negro children as isolated as lepers, but the plans were accepted in Washington.

Now the Administration is passing along the word that it would favor a new civil rights law in the next session, this time to give Negroes and civil rights workers the protection of a federal law against racial murder and racial assault. Is this to be another inoperative benevolence? Pat Watters, one of the Southern Regional Council's spokesmen, recently wrote a letter to *The New York Times* suggesting that instead of passing more and more laws, it might be nice for a change just to enforce the laws already on the books.

One might propose starting out, for example, with an enforcement of the second section of the 14th Amendment, which warns that "when the right to vote . . . is denied . . . or in any way abridged . . ." a state's representation in Congress will be cut proportionately. Johnson may think that's something the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party cooked up, but it has been in the Constitution since 1868—and hasn't been used yet. A conspiracy law was passed in 1870 to protect Negroes against assault and murder, yet only now, and timidly, is it being applied. Why pass more laws covering the same field? Just to show the Negroes what a swell guy Lyndon really is, at heart, even if he doesn't think it politically wise to enforce the laws once they're passed?

As for the anti-poverty program, that has become notoriously loaded at the executive level with political pay-offs and goof-offs. For every Headstart program that shows good results—and some of the children do show a 10-point-I.Q. rise after going through Headstart—there is a dismal and inefficient Camp Kilmer. From Syracuse to Chicago and points south one hears the old refrain that city hall is keeping the poor folks out of the management of the program because they might get independent.

A few weeks ago, down on The Ranch, one of LBJ's visitors was H. B. (Pat) Zachry, a multimillionaire builder from San Antonio. During the visit Johnson started talking about what the millionaire could do to help the morale of the poor Latins on San Antonio's west side. "I wish you would tell the Mexicans to get out and work with the grass, to prune the trees, to work with the flowers," said Johnson, getting preachy, as he is wont to do. "Tell them that's how you got started, Pat. Tell them to work with the soil, Pat. Tell them that's where you started, with the soil—and now you're a millionaire. Tell 'em that, Pat. *They want to hear that, Pat. They want to be told that, Pat.* You started with the soil and now you're a millionaire."

It's that simple. Just because your father and your grandfather and your great-grandfather "worked in the soil" all their lives without getting a nickel ahead, that doesn't mean you can't do it. Hit the migrant trail again—and remember Pat. What kind of anti-poverty program can you expect from a man who thinks like that?

Johnson's legislation to outlaw water pollution has been gushed over as opening a new era of cleanliness. Such judgment is, at best, premature. The new act is usually described as an enforcement of minimum federal standards for water purity. Since industry is looked upon as being the source of two-thirds of the pollution, the burden of reform will be borne by industry—*if* the act is enforced.

But what are the minimum federal standards that would be applied through this new act? The Public Health Service tells me they do not yet exist. And how would they be enforced, if they did exist? Well, first of all, under terms of the act, no enforcement at all will be attempted for a couple of years. After that, violators can drag it out through the usual hearings and then go into court. If, at last, they lose, what will be the penalty? None of the officials assigned to the program to whom I talked seemed to know. But one thing a high official of the Public Health Service *did* know was: "We aren't about to try to enforce pollution laws in fifty states. We just don't have the manpower."

So that leaves the new law just as strong as a state's determination to enforce its anti-pollution laws—which is notoriously so weak that the problem had to be brought to the federal level. Already big industry is resisting. At a national water conference of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce recently, industry leaders said the new law is "un-

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realistically" demanding, and they agreed that if any money is spent to correct waste disposal, the taxpayer, not industry, should put it out.

Interior Secretary Stewart Udall says he badly needs suggestions on how to carry out the jerry-built Solid Waste Disposal Act. Anybody, just anybody, please write. Officials who will handle the highway beautification program have indicated that they too aren't quite sure how to proceed.

A mildly addled tremor runs through the structure. Stop everything, the Budget Bureau tells the Small Business Administration, until we figure out what's going on over there. Some other departments learn of Johnson policies via news leaks. Dean Rusk doodles while his State Department tries to decide what the departure of McGeorge Bundy means: will it regain powers it can use in its constant bickering with the Defense Department, or will Johnson throw in Bundy's old duties as a little something extra for Jake Jacobsen to handle on the side, between patronage trips?

Meanwhile, true to his impulse to "tell 'em what they want to hear," LBJ gets ready to crank out some more noble pieces of legislation for the next Congress.

Among these, amazingly enough, will be a cold-war GI bill. Isn't that the bill Johnson opposed so bitterly in 1965? Isn't that the bill he sent Veterans Administration and Defense Department and Bureau of the Budget officials to testify against? Yes. And some beautifully wacky testimony they gave. There was Arthur W. Farmer, one of the VA's deputy chiefs, who argued that the vets of today do not merit such schooling because their term of service is shorter (when, actually, they serve an average of six months longer than the Korean vet, who had the GI benefits). Farmer's strength on the witness stand wilted when, under committee grilling, he admitted he didn't even know at what age men are now drafted!

And there was Brig. Gen. William W. Berg, who spoke for the Defense Department and for his Commander in Chief. Why did he not want a GI bill? Because, said Berg, if the draftees knew they could get some schooling when they left the service, they might be less inclined to re-enlist. Of course, only 10 per cent of the draftees re-enlist as it is.

Nevertheless, despite this opposition, Sen. Ralph Yarborough of Texas got the bill through the Senate, as he had done on two other occasions, with the assistance this time of Sen. Robert Kennedy of New York. Any troubles they might have faced in the House now can be forgotten. LBJ is taking over. Reportedly he will make the GI bill a part of his "program."

Why the about-face? There are two reasons. First, it will allow Johnson to take credit away from Yarborough, whom he dislikes very much, and from Kennedy, ditto. Yarborough is the spokesman for the Texas liberals, a group whose relationship with Johnson has traditionally been one of mutual suspicion.

But the main reason for Johnson's change is that all popular discussions of the Vietnam problem have moved from the rational sphere of foreign-policy debate to the emotional sphere of love-the-servicemen. Johnson will ride any national emotion. The time is right for a new GI bill, and Johnson is always ready when the time is right.

When Harry Truman asked help for his national health insurance program, Johnson's response was: "I want no part of socialized medicine. . . . The democratic answer to this form of socialism is more hospitals, more doctors, more nurses." He did not lift a hand to help, even behind the scene, until the field had been plowed and fertilized and planted and contoured for twenty years—by others—and finally the time was right for him to step in and reap the crop. And with just the same deliberate sense of timing he reaped the civil rights crop. Now he is ready to put his name to the cold-war GI bill, and carry away the credit.

That's how, in the midst of confusion and double talk, legends of the Great Leader are made. That's how, incidentally, the nation will get peace out of Johnson, if it ever does. When he hears that the people *really* want peace, he'll give it to them.

The Messianic Pose

POST-COLD-WAR DELUSIONS

H. Stuart Hughes

Not since the McCarthy era—now more than a decade in the past—has the American intellectual's attitude toward his government been so charged with distaste and fear as it is today. The Vietnamese war is without precedent in the way it has split university and official thinking. The beginnings of the rupture were apparent in the teach-in movement last spring. Although the center of gravity of those performances oscillated between disinterested inquiry and exhortation—on some campuses the emphasis inclining toward "factual" presentation, on others toward polemic—on balance the critics of Administration policy figured far more prominently than its defenders. Since the President's midsummer announcement that the country had crossed the threshold into a Korea-type war, the lines of cleavage have become still sharper. Frustration at its failure to have any influence whatsoever in Washington has added new bitterness to the tone and range of intellectual opposition.

Although this situation is almost without precedent in American history, it is perfectly familiar in the European democratic tradition. Across the Atlantic, expressed opposition to one's country's government in time of war—and especially of colonial war—is an accepted and honorable course of action. In Britain, there have been the examples of the Boer War and Suez; in France, the more protracted intellectual struggle against the war

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Vicky, London Evening Standard: Ben Roth

"Let This Session of Congress Be Known as the Session—which Declared All-Out War on Human Poverty."—Lyndon B. Johnson

in Algeria. In all these cases, the articulate opposition was a small minority: the national "consensus" was overwhelmingly bellicose. But the opponents of the war refused to be overawed by the weight of numbers. They felt that they had a more discriminating sense of the issues at stake, and that in the end the judgment of posterity would prove them right. In this latter expectation they were not mistaken.

I suggest that such is the case in America today. On any simple count of heads, the opponents of the war in Vietnam are pitifully weak. Why, then, do the President and his advisers become so nettled by what they say? It is not so much the expert opinion and the prominent names which the opposition can muster that give it an importance beyond its numbers. It is rather the sense it conveys of knowing that it is right—while the spokesmen of the Administration sound blundering and hesitant.

The opposition believes that it is right in the sense of having a clearer and less provincial view of the contemporary world than the President and his advisers. It feels that it is both more responsible and more aware of the long-range interests of its own country and of humanity at large. It is totally unimpressed by the argument that in a military sense "our side" can "win" the war since it sees little point in holding by force a heap of ruins in Southeast Asia. It considers itself in no way extremist: in terms of a world rather than an American ideological spectrum, it places the Administration on the far-right fringe and itself in the moderate center. All this would perhaps be clearer to the public at large if our country had not entered the war over so long a period and by such carefully graduated stages that it was next to impossible to find a single agreed-on moment at which to sound the alarm.

What in retrospect looks like the decisive step was the start of the bombing of North Vietnam last February. This turn of events caught most of the Administration's potential critics by surprise (my own first reaction was incredulity), for the bombing came at the end of the quietest two and a half years of the entire post-1945 era. The twenty-eight months following the Cuban missile crisis had beguiled a great many of us into a mood of deceptive security. In this period the American peace organizations began to feel that the tide was at last turning in their favor: the euphoria produced by the partial test ban of August, 1963, set these groups a paradoxical problem; their membership began to fall away as the less committed drew the hasty conclusion that their goal had been achieved.

Besides the test ban and President Kennedy's speech at American University two months earlier, which had sketched the outlines of a new course in foreign policy, two further changes had come about with less public fanfare. The first was a substantial alteration in Catholic sentiment following the publication of Pope John's last encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*; the second was the hesitant beginnings of a "peace bloc" in the United States Senate. This latter consisted for the most part of freshman members, but it also included the two veteran nonconformists, Senators Clark and Morse, and it could sometimes count on a representative of the inner circle itself when Senator Fulbright chose to speak his mind.

Even before the signing of the test ban, then, there was evidence that peace was becoming not only a respectable issue but even popular. Positions which a year earlier had been considered politically suicidal (witness my own experience as a Senatorial candidate) could now be advanced with impunity by independent-minded but perfectly realistic members of the Senate. What earlier had been the wildest heresies were starting to sound like simple common sense on Capitol Hill. Almost from the moment of his installation in office, President Johnson began to echo them himself. (This was the era of such films as *Dr. Strangelove* and *Seven Days in May*, whose public showing—let alone their box-office success—would have been unthinkable in the 1950s.) In the campaign of 1964, one of Johnson's fringe advantages over Goldwater was the fact that he had the peace sentiment on his side.

With these two and a half years behind them, it was understandable that those who had backed the President as a man of peace should have felt betrayed by his escalation in Vietnam. And their sense of betrayal grew to fury with the Dominican intervention two months later. But should they—we—have been quite so surprised? If we take another look at the "good period" from late 1962 to early 1965, I think we shall find that the course of events was not quite so favorable to us as we thought at the time. The new *détente* with the Soviet Union did not extend much beyond a tacit agreement to refrain from nuclear threats. On the great question that was displacing the danger of nuclear holocaust as the major international obsession—the "wars

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of liberation"—the two powers were as far apart as ever.

Even in Europe, the only part of the world where the *détente* was fully operative, the American Administration was pursuing policies that alarmed a number of its allies and all the Eastern European states. It was in this era that our country's quarrel with de Gaulle grew envenomed; it was in this era that the project for a multilateral nuclear force was hatched. Neither President Kennedy nor President Johnson seemed to realize the full implications of the Europeans' newly independent and newly self-confident situation. In the underdeveloped world, the best that can be said is that nothing very dire happened; but in Vietnam the time bomb was quietly ticking away. While President Kennedy made a start toward a more understanding policy in Latin America, the basic American assumptions about the formerly colonial nations were never subjected to the kind of radical critique that might have revealed their inapplicability to the third quarter of the 20th century.

The international ground gained in the twenty-eight months of calm is by no means totally lost. Despite the recent buffeting to which it has been subjected, much of the new cordiality in Soviet-American relations has persisted: the "parallel action" of the two countries at the time of the India-Pakistan hostilities has been rightly cited as an encouraging case in point. In Europe, the *détente* is still the overriding fact of life. Indeed, the chief complaint which European friends lodge against our country's current policy in Vietnam is that it endangers a relationship with Russia which seems to them infinitely more precious than any presumed gain to be derived from further fighting in Asia.

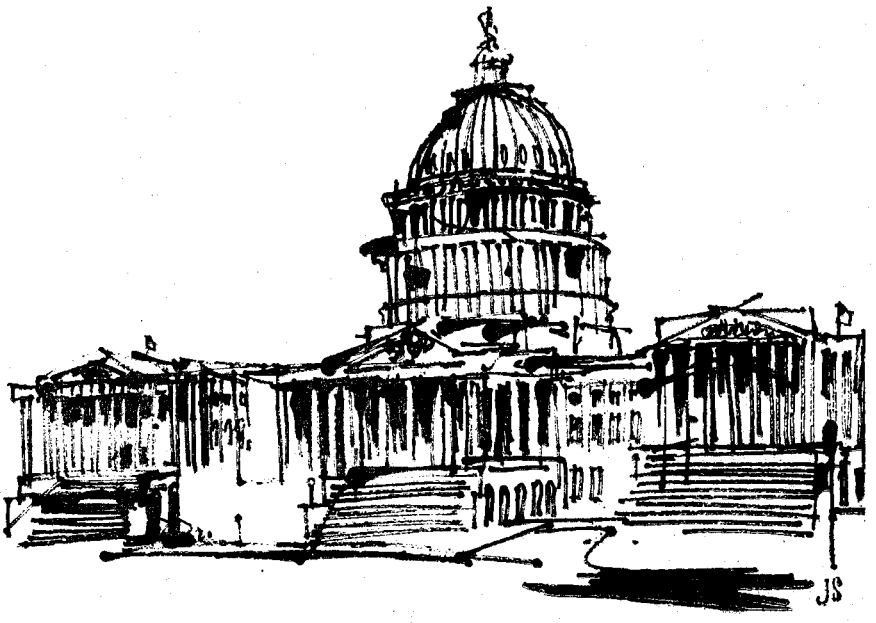
A trip to Europe last summer gave me a chance to hear such complaints on the spot. The inadvisability of the war in Vietnam was assumed without discussion by nearly all my hosts: the variations came only in the relative weight given to conservative or "progressive" arguments. Thus it was curious to find that irreproachably respectable officials in France shared with their Communist counterparts in Yugoslavia a common assessment of the world ideological landscape. This assessment was arrestingly different from the picture presented in our country's public propaganda: two discrepancies struck me with particular force.

First, there was the assumption —present in the atmosphere even when not explicitly mentioned— that the cold war was a thing of the past. From this perspective, the great event of the past twenty years is a kind of non-event: the avoidance of war between the Soviet Union and the United States. Different people offer different reasons for the happy outcome, but most ascribe it to a mixture of luck and forbearance at the critical moment—most notably on the part of the United States during the Hungarian rebellion of 1956, and on the part of the Soviet Union at the time of the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. Now that the once "inevitable" war has been staved off for nearly a generation, Europeans find it increasingly logical to surmise that it will never occur. And the natural corollary of such a conclusion is the hope that a similar *détente* can be achieved after a further generation of standoff between the United States and China.

The second European assumption is that revolutionary "wars of liberation" are a normal phenomenon of the mid-20th century and should be anticipated in most of the underdeveloped world. Some Europeans greet such movements with approval—more, perhaps, with indifference or hostility—but few underrate their potential or make much of a point of whether they originate inside or outside the country in question. Citizens of formerly colonial powers have had ample experience with the strength of indigenous revolutionary forces, and they sometimes take malicious pleasure in watching Americans squirm in the same kind of agonizing situations overseas that brought their own countries into ideological disrepute a decade or two ago. Such comparisons jar on American ears, but they are only the natural response to the moral scoldings we used to give Britain and France for their colonial misdemeanors.

In this perspective, the Soviet Union appears in the most advantageous light that it has enjoyed since the Second World War. Admittedly there are real—and perhaps growing—difficulties in Russia's international situation today. Both Soviet and Western European spokesmen keep voicing their concern as to how much longer the USSR can stay out of the Vietnamese struggle. But the very terms in which this worry is expressed suggest the strength of the Russian position. The usual picture that emerges—both East and West—of what used to be called the "iron curtain"—is of a long-suffering power which with the greatest difficulty is barely managing to maintain its international equilibrium against almost intolerable pressures and provocations; in short, of a massive force for moderation and restraint. Such a view puts the Soviet Union close to the "vital center" of the world ideological spectrum, with the United States and China on the wings as the two extremist powers that threaten the peace.

Few Americans can be expected



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to take so unflattering a view of their country's current situation vis-à-vis "world opinion"; and the picture is unquestionably exaggerated. At the same time, it is more accurate than the conventional line of Messrs. Johnson, Rusk, McNamara, et al., that the United States has first call on international virtue and that its policies find substantial backing in the rest of the world. The American view of the matter is parochial—the European view has a wider historical focus. Or, more precisely, the American attitude rests on a narrow understanding of the history of our country alone and on nostalgia for a period—the late 18th century—when the United States was in a very real sense the chosen vessel for the hopes of mankind. It takes the more comparative (and disabused) historical experience of the Europeans to show us how far 20th-century reality has outstripped the inherited rhetoric with which we deck our international doings.

Since I began mulling over these speculations last summer, the second (and decisive) *coup d'état* in Brazil has underlined their urgency. When the Castelo Branco government first came to power, its ultimate intentions remained unclear; many informed and liberal-spirited Americans were inclined to give it the benefit of the doubt and to stress the irresponsible character of its predecessor. Today such a guarded judgment is no longer possible: the events of last autumn have demonstrated beyond reasonable question that the rulers of Brazil had no hesitation about destroying what remained of democratic procedures—and that they were backed by the American Embassy along the way.

Thus Brazil has been added to the melancholy succession of Cuba, Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. Potentially, it is by far the most important in the series. True, an American military intervention has not yet occurred, but the most cursory reading of our Administration's public pronouncements leaves no doubt that it would take such action in the face of any widespread Brazilian revolt. It is unnecessary to detail the tragic effects that would ensue from such interference. Suffice it to warn, as our French friends already do, that Brazil—still more than Vietnam—could become America's Algeria.

In Vietnam, in Cuba—now in Brazil—the press revelations of the past few weeks have proved that the truth is even worse than the critics of the Johnson Administration have claimed. Those (like myself) who have tried to be fair-minded have been shown their error. Others who suspected that their government was not telling the whole story have been themselves surprised by the scale of the deception practiced upon them. With each week that passes, our government strays farther off course, as its statements both of fact and of ideology lose contact with any picture of the world that the rest of mankind can recognize.

It will take something more than a face-saving device to rescue us—to salvage the remnants of our psychological credit abroad. Not until we abandon the anachronisms of our Messianic pose, not until we cut our losses in Vietnam and resolve to refrain from the same errors again, can we begin the painful process of readjustment to the international and moral realities of our time.

Two NATION Portraits

Frederick Law Olmsted: Launching The Nation

Robert Fridlington

This article and the one that follows it complete the series of Nation *biographies prepared as part of the magazine's observation of its centenary. Normally, the affairs of a publication are not thought an apt subject for journalism, but it seemed to us that, once in a hundred years, a magazine of opinion should examine the tradition from which it stems. It gives us satisfaction — mixed with some ironic amusement—that for the most part these sketches have been critical of the men and women they commemorated. A magazine that is quick to criticize the society in which it lives has a special responsibility to be critical of itself. In that regard,* The Nation *will continue in the future as it has operated in the past.* — The Editors

In early May, 1863, Edwin L. Godkin wrote to a friend: "I have been thinking and talking a great deal about a first class weekly paper ever since I saw you. . . ." But Godkin was not sure that the friend shared his enthusiasm. "I don't know," he continued, "whether you were in joke or earnest in saying you would go into such a scheme with me; but if in earnest, I need hardly say, I should be very glad to make some such arrangement." As it happened, Godkin's friend, Frederick Law Olmsted, was very much in earnest. Thus was marked the incipience of the "weekly paper" that would be *The Nation.*

Frederick Law Olmsted is remembered today as the father of American landscape architecture. Central Park in New York is probably his best-known work, but he left many monuments to his greatness as an artist. He created lovely parks in the urban jungles of cities throughout the country; he designed campuses from Yale and Princeton in the East to Stanford and California in the West; and he fashioned dozens of other scenic landscapes, including Capitol Hill in Washington, D.C.

The son of a wealthy dry-goods merchant, Olmsted was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1822. His ultimate success in landscape architecture represents only one phase of a varied and versatile career. He was a distinguished writer; his

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three books of travel through the Southern United States—*A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States* (1856), *A Journey Through Texas* (1857) and *A Journey in the Back Country* (1860)—are classics of social observation. A political activist and a violent foe of slavery expansion, Olmsted labored hard for the free-soil cause in the 1850s. He was also a humanitarian, whose achievements as general secretary of the United States Sanitary Commission—the "Red Cross" of the American Civil War — have never been fully appreciated.

Olmsted and Godkin met in 1856, shortly after the latter's arrival in the United States. Olmsted, the elder by nearly ten years, was attracted by Godkin's eloquence, wit and European sophistication. For his part, the younger man was impressed by Olmsted's knowledge of political affairs and by his reasoned judgments. "There are," Godkin later wrote, "very few men in America—I know of none—who bring theories to bear as well on the practice of politics as Olmsted." The initial friendship grew with each passing year, for the two men shared the same intellectual interests. Both had been reared in the traditions of the classical economists; both regarded John Stuart Mill as their prophet. They saw eye to eye on matters of politics, economics and social problems. But there was one difference: Olmsted, the largely self-taught dilettante, lived in a ferment of intellectual quest and artistic experiment; Godkin, the university-educated journalist, reconciled his broader interests with the pursuit of a single career and a single, articulate point of view.

When Godkin proposed the "first class weekly paper" in 1863, Olmsted was particularly receptive. He had long recognized the need for a critical journal that would act as an opinion maker among America's intellectuals. It should be patterned, he believed, after the best English reviews and be devoted to politics, literature and the arts. Now, however, Olmsted saw the opportunity to dedicate such a publication to an even nobler purpose. Aimed at the educated citizenry, the paper would serve the cause of the Union and act as an outspoken friend of the Negro.

Although the paper was initially conceived as a joint project, Olmsted soon took sole charge. The reasons for this are easily understood. Godkin was an excellent newspaper man and would become a great editor. But as his later career bore out, he had little interest in the business side of publishing. He was, moreover, virtually a stranger to the intellectual circles of the East. Olmsted, on the other hand, delighted in planning and organizing, and he had the contacts to raise the necessary money. In the initial plan for the paper, Olmsted would be the publisher and would insist upon ultimate control of the publication. Godkin would serve as editor.

Frederick Law Olmsted

On June 25, the week before Gettysburg, Olmsted presented an informal prospectus, which he and Godkin had drawn up, to a group of potential investors in New York. The major purpose of the publication, the prospectus stated, "would be to secure a more careful, accurate and elaborate discussion of political, economical, and commercial topics than is possible in the columns of the daily press. . . ." In order that such intentions not be taken lightly, it added: "If this purpose should, at first thought, be considered quixotic, it must be remembered that while, four years ago, intelligent men could avoid giving much consideration to questions of government and legislation, this is no longer the case; henceforward they *must* give consideration to these questions or prepare themselves to accept the destruction of their country." The journal would give full support to the government in the war and would oppose all those advocating States' rights and the maintenance of slavery. In addition, it would contain articles of literary and scientific importance, book reviews and critiques of dramatic and musical performances.

To get the journal started, Olmsted needed $30,000. He hoped to raise half this sum in New York and the remainder in New England, where Charles Eliot Norton had promised to help. But the search for money was interrupted by the violent draft riots that swept New York in the middle of July. The men of wealth, upon whom Olmsted was counting, either left the city or turned their attention to more pressing matters. By the first of August only $3,000 had been pledged.

At this juncture Olmsted was offered the position of superintendent of the Mariposa Mining Estates in California, a huge complex of mining and commercial enterprises comprising an entire county and possessing a tenant population of some 7,000 persons. The decision was difficult to make. Olmsted desperately wanted to be of service to the nation during the war and in the great task of reconstruction ahead. His friends—Godkin, Norton and others—urged him to consider carefully before making a decision that would remove him to the West. Prospects in New York,

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however, were intangible; the California offer was immediate and quite tangible—his salary would be $10,000 a year and he would receive $100,000 in stock. Moreover, the offer came at a time when Olmsted was worried and despondent. The newspaper project was not going as well as he had hoped. His services with the Sanitary Commission had been at considerable personal sacrifice, and he was deeply in debt. His health, never strong, had been further impaired by his unremitting efforts on behalf of the commission, and there was the chance that the mountain air of the West might help him regain it. Concern for health and fortune dictated the decision. In September, Olmsted sailed for California, leaving Godkin to push the publishing project through to completion.

Godkin's progress was even slower and more difficult than Olmsted's had been. Olmsted had introduced him to Norton, who provided inestimable assistance; but this was not enough. Godkin was an Irishman, or an Englishman (or both, which was worse still), depending on one's point of view. The respectable men of wealth, who might have backed a Connecticut Yankee, were reluctant to underwrite the venture for someone of such suspicious lineage. Then, in the spring of 1865, the Philadelphia abolitionist, James Miller McKim, came to Godkin's rescue. McKim was trying to found a publication to represent the interests of the freedmen—and, incidentally, to create an editorial position for Wendell Phillips Garrison, who was about to become his son-in-law. Hearing of Godkin's project, McKim proposed they join forces. With McKim's support, solid financial backing, much of it from other abolitionists, was soon secured.

Just as the first issue of *The Nation* appeared in July, 1865, Olmsted was planning to return to New York. The Mariposa venture had been a failure, and Olmsted was coming back to the position he had held before the war, architect of Central Park. But responding to Godkin's plea for assistance, he also accepted an associate editorship on *The Nation*, with the understanding that he would stay on only as long as the park project would allow.

For the few months that Olmsted held his post with *The Nation*, he rendered valuable assistance, relieving Godkin of many of his duties and going over all editorial material with him. He also acted as mediator in a dispute between Godkin and a group of dissident stockholders that threatened to destroy the magazine before it became established. But his stay with *The Nation* was brief. Central Park demanded more and more of his time. At the end of the first year of publication, Olmsted resigned. The rest of his life was devoted to landscape architecture.

After leaving *The Nation*, Olmsted contributed only a handful of articles to its pages, either correspondence of passing interest or reviews of books on landscaping. He continued, however, to be a warm supporter of the reform principles Godkin advocated. During the fifteen years before Henry Villard bought the magazine, when Godkin labored under constant financial difficulties, Olmsted persistently urged his friend to continue, regardless of cost. When, for example, Harvard offered Godkin a chair of history in 1870, Olmsted advised him to accept only if he could retain direction of the magazine. If he could not, said Olmsted, "give up the professorship, for *The Nation* is worth many professorships." Then he added, probably with a pang of guilt: "It is a question of loyalty over a question of comfort."

Olmsted meant loyalty to the principles for which *The Nation* stood. Like many of his background, he was profoundly disturbed by the changes taking place in America. The materialism of the age and the corruption of postwar politics outraged him. *The Nation* was the last clear voice of reason. It represented the old traditions of high-minded public service, limited government and natural law. Olmsted and Godkin were both attached to the old traditions. Olmsted tagged himself a "socialist democrat" and Godkin called himself a "radical"; but under any label both men were conservatives. They looked backward, not forward. Theirs was a socialist democracy that abandoned the struggle for the rights of the freedmen. Theirs was a radicalism that led to unabashed admiration of that portly profile in courage, Grover Cleveland.

They sought a society dedicated to the old traditions, a society of scrupulously clean, efficient government, where public office would be a post of honor and where both politician and entrepreneur would be gentlemen. Though they did not fully recognize the fact, they wanted a society of the countryside and the small town—small not in the sense of Gopher Prairie but in the sense of Brookline, Mass., where Olmsted made his home, or Cambridge, where Godkin retreated in the 1870s. Only in such centers would government be so intimate that its members could hold one another to a high standard of personal honor rather than a mere technical conscientiousness. Here there would be no slums crying for corruption and boss rule. Only here could the very physical structure of society be graceful, mannered and leisurely.

Godkin's convictions led him into a blunt defiance of political and social realities. To a nation facing labor unrest, agrarian discontent, the expanding power of business, urban problems, and the manifold other issues of a new era, he preached tariff revision, civil service reform, hard money and Mugwump pieties. These could neither recapture the paradise lost nor solve the immediate problems confronting the country. Indeed, by advocating the rights of property, limited government and laissez faire, he ultimately served the ends of one of the forces he most diligently opposed—big business.

Olmsted's career as a landscape architect was perhaps more consistent with the implications of his social philosophy. In his work he would, in effect, carry out a direct assault on the industrial city. In the very centers of an urban culture he would locate and preserve the sights and associations of the Arcadian, pre-industrial America he loved. He thus became a Johnny Appleseed of scenic beauty, planting his parks and landscapes from coast to coast.

His work was also a portent of the future. He pioneered in the constructions of vast public pleasure grounds for the urban masses and, in changing the physical contours of urban culture, he approached modern city planning. But Olmsted changed only the face of the city; his laissez-faire philosophy precluded tampering with the vital organs of society. No more than Godkin did Olmsted perceive the implications of the new age. No more than Godkin could he have advocated a truly radical reform of 19th-century America.

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Jessie White Mario: Victorian in Italy

Elizabeth A. Daniels

An obituary written by W. P. Garrison for the March 15, 1906 *Nation* drew attention to the death of Jessie Meriton White Mario, who had served as the magazine's correspondent on Italian affairs almost from its first issue:

> *For forty years this name has been familiar by its initials, to readers of the* Nation. . . . *Last week we published her animated account of the new Italian ministry.*
>
> . . . *Two days before her letter appeared in the* Nation, *her funeral procession, as the* Evening Post's *London correspondent telegraphs, "passed the Casa Guidi in Florence, which was decorated in honor of the centenary of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The association was just, as well as striking. . . ." Ever her thoughts were with the great idealist leaders of the Italian new birth, and she played the part of Old Mortality in editing their writings or memoirs. . . .*
>
> *To our deep regret we never met this admirable woman, an honor to her sex and to Britain's great name for ardent, world-wide philanthropy. She had a soul sensitive to all misery: our readers will recall her exposition of the horrors of the subterranean life of Naples, of the sulphur mines of Sicily. She was responsive to every proletary movement for relief from oppression or distress, though opposed to violence in the justest cause. . . .*

The Nation had chosen for its first Italian correspondent one of England's unusual Victorians. She was the most vigorous and versatile of a handful of women who, in the 1850s, had passionately thrown themselves into the work of the Friends of Italy Society. So impressive was the fervor of that group of revolutionary disciples, who thought of themselves as "possessed" by the "angel," that George Meredith undoubtedly drew on them as a composite model for the patriotic heroine of his Italian revolutionary novel, *Vittoria*. After the days of unification were over, however, and Mazzini and Garibaldi had failed to establish a republic, Jessie was able to transfer her interest to the larger challenge of the problems of the new kingdom. In her 143 articles written for *The Nation* between 1866 and 1906, she awakened her readers to the discrepancies between the ideal and the actual. Croce thought of her as an optimist, but when one looks back at her continuously serious criticism of the many ills besetting the new country, it can be seen that she was a realist. Jessie Mario never forgot her dreams of what Italy might have been had the Mazzinian republic materialized, but she pushed them to the side. Because she had had such a basic experience in Italian affairs, her strong sympathies with the objectives of Italian "reconstruction" permeated her *Nation* correspondence.

Jessie White, the child of a British loading-dock builder, Thomas White, and his American wife, Jane Teage Meriton, was born in Gosport, near Portsmouth, on May 9, 1832. Her father had an overweening preoccupation with religion, but also possessed a liberal political outlook. Even before 1848, he was interested in the stirrings on the Continent, and in that year of revolution he went to Paris to see for himself what was taking place. He apparently encouraged the members of his family to think independently about political and social change. Jessie was bright and very self-willed, and it was soon clear that she was too much for her family to manage. Her father recognized in her a lively intellectual curiosity, however, and was interested in fostering it. When a new young clergyman with advanced social ideas and a charted course of ranging ethical reforms came to Gosport in 1846, Jessie attached herself to him and begged him to teach her all he knew. (She echoed his views in a short story that she published in *Eliza Cook's Journal* in 1853.) John Daniel Morell was much too liberal for Gosport, and was shortly dismissed from his pulpit; but he started Jessie on her self-education. He persuaded her father to send her to Birmingham to attend the classes of George Dawson, who had recently begun experiments in the education of adults of both sexes. Jessie went from an ever-broadening experience in Birmingham to the Sorbonne, where she read philosophy and political economy with Cousin, the virtual head of the university, and where she encountered Lamennais, Beranger and many of the other liberals of the times. She was by then seriously interested in what she could learn of the revolution stirring in Italy.

In 1854, Jessie accompanied a woman named Emma Roberts, who was "engaged" to Garibaldi, on a trip to his home in Sardinia, and thence to Italy proper. Garibaldi was exiled on his island and could not himself travel through Italy; but he was interested in furthering

T. Nast

Garibaldi's Entry into Naples: 1860

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Jessie's knowledge of the country, and saw to it that the women were introduced to patriotic Italians who could show them the signs of brewing trouble. When Jessie returned to England in 1855, she had apparently decided that she wanted to work for the cause of freedom in Italy. Garibaldi advised her to get some practical training in medicine, so that she could be prepared to alleviate the suffering in the bitter wars that he felt sure were coming. Through the influence of a doctor friend, she registered at the University of London; but after she had taken courses for a few months, she discovered that the university was unwilling to offer her a degree and she abandoned her formal study. At this time she became associated with the Ashursts, the English family that was the nucleus of the Friends of Italy group, and Mazzini's patrons. Through Emilia Ashurst, Jessie met Mazzini and decided to join his "movement."

Suddenly she was plunged into Italian affairs. At Garibaldi's suggestion, she translated Orsini's hair-raising *Austrian Dungeons in Italy* in 1856. To the work itself, she appended her own passionately idealistic preface. The book was a bestseller, running to 35,000 copies that year. Mazzini was never one to make light demands on those who offered to serve him, and although he was initially somewhat irritated by Jessie White's insistence on doing everything at once, he soon discovered that she was a versatile and willing worker. Within a few months, he involved her in a piece of revolutionary complicity. With one of his followers, Carlo Pisacane, he had decided upon a plan of capturing some ships in the harbor of Genoa, transporting ammunition and supplies in them to the lower coast of Spezia where, it was assumed, the local peasants would respond instantaneously to the invitation to revolt from the Bourbons. In this way he expected the Italian revolution might begin anew. Mazzini asked Jessie to apply for a commission as a reporter on Italian affairs for the London *Daily News*, in which role she could go to Genoa and carry out his surreptitious arrangements. Jessie did go to Italy, but without the newspaper commission and when the plot failed, she was tried for complicity and imprisoned in Sant'Andrea. She so irritated Cavour, the Prime Minister of Piedmont, and Sir James Hudson, the British ambassador in Turin, and she seemed so to implicate herself in the testimony that she gave at the tribunal hearing, that it took her several months to gain release from prison.

In Genoa, she had made the acquaintance of Alberto Mario, a Venetian journalist in exile. Mario had spent his life in the revolutionary struggle, but he was a Federalist, rather than a pure Mazzinian. During this era in Italy, however, subtleties of political position had to be subordinated to actual chances for action; and in 1856 Mario was engaged in the support of Mazzini.

Upon the failure of the insurrection, Mario, too, was imprisoned in Sant'Andrea, and before a week had passed, the newly acquainted prisoners were betrothed. They carried on an intensive courtship by the prison grapevine and through daily letters passed back and forth. The letters of courtship went beyond the conventions of love: Alberto gave his future wife a comprehensive course in Italian cultural history, corrected her Italian, and wrote her daily essays on Italian writers of the past and present. After their release from prison, the couple went to England and were married.

Mazzini now employed Jessie as propagandist. For a few months she lectured in England and Scotland on behalf of the Friends. In the fall of 1858, Mazzini decided to send the Marios to America. Through William Ashurst, who had visited William Lloyd Garrison in 1854, there were Mazzinian connections in America, and the leader felt that there was strong untapped support for his cause. In particular, the Abolitionists could be counted on to sympathize with an Italian movement for freedom.

The Marios traveled up and down the eastern seaboard of the United States for almost six months. Always speaking out boldly, and sometimes even recklessly, to influence popular opinion, Jessie gave many public lectures. She and her husband engaged in heated controversy, too, in the letters-to-the-editor columns of the New York daily papers. They lost no chance to draw attention to the repressions in Italy. Alberto did not join his wife on the lecture platform; English was a new language to him, and furthermore, although he was passionately dedicated to Italian freedom, he was considerably cooler than his wife toward Mazzini.

The American visit of the Marios was cut short in May, just as they were about to travel to Cambridge at the invitation of James Russell Lowell. It appeared that at long last the simmering movement for freedom was boiling up in Piedmont. Garibaldi had already been appointed head of a volunteer army, and the Marios did not wish to delay their own enlistment in his ranks.

Returning to the Continent, Jessie and Alberto bided time in Switzerland, retreating there from Italy where they were again temporarily incarcerated as revolutionaries. In Lugano, they edited a contraband newspaper for Mazzini; but Mario now often quarreled with the leader on matters of policy, and accordingly relations were progressively less cordial between Jessie and Mazzini.

When Garibaldi finally summoned the Marios to the Southern campaign, they joined him surreptitiously. Jessie soon organized his ambulance corps, of which she was chief nurse. She often went on the battlefields in Sicily and Naples. She put her earlier medical studies to use in supervising the temporary hospital that was established in the convent of Monte Pellegrino in Palermo. Meanwhile, whenever there was a respite, she investigated local conditions and talked with Sicilians and Neapolitans about their problems and aspirations. These casual observations supplied her with an excellent foundation for her later writing on the depressed conditions of the southern peasants.

When Italy was proclaimed a kingdom (although not yet completely unified) and the new government was being formulated, Jessie and Alberto, after a period of racking indecision, decided to settle permanently in Italy. Alberto was homeless, since Venetia had not yet been liberated, but Jessie was by then thoroughly an Italian by adoption. She had lost her ties with England, and found the Italian people very much to her taste. They responded to her warmly, but always thought her extreme and unpredictable, even for an Englishwoman.

In the summer of 1861, Jessie undertook a job as correspondent for the English *Morning Star*, for

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which she traveled in the north and south, enriching her impressions of the people and the country. Later in that year, she wrote an article on American slavery for *Politecnico*, Carlo Cattaneo's newly reinstituted positivist journal. At one point, she journeyed to Milan to persuade Garibaldi not to think of accepting an offer from Abraham Lincoln to go to America again and lead the Northern troops.

The Marios embarked on their lifelong careers as writers and editors after their return from a lecture trip to England in 1862. From that time, they thought of Italy as their permanent home. They lived sometimes in Florence, the seat of the new government until Rome was wrested from the Pope; sometimes in Rome; and sometimes in Lendinara, where in 1871 an uncle of Alberto left them a small house and garden. They traveled constantly.

In 1866, Jessie began reporting for *The Nation*. One can guess that she got the job by asking for it when she heard that the magazine had been founded. Her first piece appeared six months after *The Nation* began publication; it was among the periodical's first articles on foreign affairs. She signed it with the initials "J.W." Subsequently, many of her articles were signed this way, or with "J.W.M." or "W. M."; some were not signed. The first article was characteristic of the other 142 in make-up and subject matter. Entitled "Parties in Italy," it was an analysis of the composition of the new house of Parliament, which had met for the first time two months earlier. She felt that the ministry was not promising and was highly critical of the proposed coalition of the Left and the Right. She raised salient questions about the financial structure of the new kingdom. Like most of her pieces of reporting, this one reflected her search for relevant statistics and interesting details.

During the first three years of *The Nation*, Jessie wrote constantly of the problems of government, economy and the Church. She examined the condition of the daily press and scrutinized military operations, and crime and poverty. She compared the position of Italian women to that of women in England and America. On all of these matters she had strong views and she made them clear. She told of her visits to manufacturing companies that were experimenting with enlightened policies. She even wrote an article on a new process of mummification. In this early period of her work for *The Nation*, the editors presented her articles without comment, except for her fifth one, in which she urged that Garibaldi should interfere in the Venetian campaign, and revealed her impatience with the slowness of the constitutional process. The *Nation* editors took her up on this, pointing out that no one had the right to wage a private war.

After the first eighteen articles, Jessie's correspondence ceased for a decade; she did not appear again in *The Nation* until 1880. There seems to be no reason for this lapse, except that she was doing many other things. During the first part of the decade she accompanied Garibaldi to Republican France, from where she reported his part in the campaign against Prussia for the *Scotsman*. Her articles were written from Autun, Dijon and other significant campaign sites; she elaborated the series and published them as a book entitled *I garabaldini*. They are the most authoritative record of Garibaldi's ill-conceived and unsuccessful French mission. During this decade, too, she wrote and published a biography of Cattaneo and *La Miseria di Napoli*, a moving description of slums and poverty based on her own research and observation. In this period, a nervous disease incapacitated three fingers of one hand. She found it increasingly difficult to use her typewriter, which she had acquired in the sixties, and began to employ the services of an amanuensis.

Nevertheless, she resumed her articles for *The Nation* with the issue of December 23, 1880. By this time, she had become increasingly aware of the split in Italy between the more prosperous north and the impoverished south, and of the lack of responsible leadership in government. These became her dominant themes for the next twenty years.

The *Nation's* editors complemented her view of Italy with articles by William J. Stillman and his wife, Marie Spartali; William Roscoe Thayer; and Luigi Villari. Stillman and his wife wrote primarily about the antiquities of Italy; Villari, about books on art and literature. Thayer addressed himself to a broad spectrum of subjects. For the more thorough coverage of current events and developments, the magazine relied on Jessie, whose exhaustive scrutiny of Italy's condition entitles her to be thought of as their Italian reporter. On only one more issue did the editors dispute her views. They called upon Stillman, who was very close to Crispi when he was prime minister, to rebut Jessie's sharp criticism of his administration. Jessie distrusted Crispi even though he had formerly been a follower of Mazzini.

Jessie had an accurate sense of what she ought to report to the American people. She often wrote from the scene of an election, a convention or the dedication of a new public service. She collected firsthand impressions through extensive observation and interviewing. Beyond this, since many of the officials of the new government had been her associates at the period of unification, she often had special access to privileged or unpublished information.

Much of this, in fact, was in her own possession. In her spare time, she collected the personal papers of the Risorgimento heroes. These included diaries, letters and unpublished manuscripts. Many of the papers she eventually edited for publication; some she only copied or translated. All of the materials were at her disposal as sources for the generous illustrations and individual narratives which she used to give a sense of immediacy to her writing. Jessie Mario's collection is now in the Risorgimento Archives in Rome, where it provides a grab bag of primary source materials for scholars. (Her collection resembles her writing: a dried drop of Garibaldi's blood is in an envelope alongside a unique copy of a manuscript.) In addition to these documents, Jessie's personal library contained extremely varied holdings in literature, history, economics and reference works. And when one is mentioning sources, finally, Alberto Mario's steadying judgment and scholarly sense must be acknowledged. They probably often saved Jessie embarrassment.

As William Roscoe Thayer said when reviewing Jessie's posthumous *Birth of Modern Italy* for *The Nation* in 1909, she wrote with her heart rather than her mind. Yet she managed to convey a relatively

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disinterested view of what was happening in the new Italy. Although continuing to revere the courageous heroes of the past, every now and then touching off a chord in herself which took her on a sentimental excursion, Jessie moved with relative ease into the new world that she was reporting. She did not care for the form of monarchy; and like her husband, would have preferred a confederation of states, if not a unitarian republic; but that was now out of the question and she knew it. Even so, she felt strongly that Italy would not really be unified until it faced its chronic problems. One problem was the Pope. Jessie detested all things papal. Long after the Pope had been removed from the Quirinal, she continued to point to his inhibiting effects on suffrage, elections, literacy, free speech and education. She realized, too, that post-unification Italy lacked sufficient responsible leadership; men who had been good soldiers were not necessarily good governors. More and more she was impressed by the abysmal split between the comparatively enlightened north and the illiterate south. In Sicily and Naples she was alarmed by the Camorra and the Mafia. Crime was omnipresent, and there were no effective laws to deal with it. And there was overpopulation. Living conditions in the hill grottoes of Naples were bestial. Italy would never prosper, Jessie knew, until these conditions were corrected. Strikes would spread, and socialism would thrive. She felt a tragic contrast between the Italy of the '80s and '90s and Mazzini's new republic!

Jessie's journalism, written in the first person, sometimes seemed to imply a masculine voice; more often it merely suggested a human being of great natural curiosity. In some ways her exposition seemed not up to the honesty of her intelligence. She unhesitatingly "lifted" from her own writings; she poured out the fresh detail of her observations in stock phrases and stock responses. Too much detail, in fact, often weakened her argument, and in her haste to get to her interesting points she often anticipated her punch lines. Her writing was diffuse and rambling; like her mind, it was literal and filled with flat statement. Yet, just as it would have been rewarding to have Jessie, breathless and bursting with observations, as a friend, so her vivid impression of the shifting temper of Italy must have been interesting and informative to the *Nation* reader.

Godkin, as *The Nation's* editor, might have had genuine qualms about accepting Jessie as a correspondent. Although feminism was not her "cause," no one could read her work without knowing she was an aggressive exponent of its objectives; and Godkin was not in sympathy with them. Jessie had been a passionate Mazzinian; but the Italy she was to report for *The Nation* had outgrown Mazzini, and had new problems of adolescence. Godkin must have wanted sound reporting from Italy; he had no special ax to grind for Italy or its problems, and the question of whether Jessie could keep her own preconceptions under control must have been a real concern for an editor. Looking back, however, it seems that Godkin took a good gamble in contracting with this singular woman reporter.

AT&T

THE FOLKSY OCTOPUS . . . . . Desmond Smith

American Telephone & Telegraph, known to most of us as "the telephone company," may be in deep trouble. It stands accused by its long-time thorn-in-the-side, Western Union, of unfair business practices. AT&T, which tends to think of itself as a kind of national shrine—like Grant's Tomb or the Lincoln Memorial — is understandably peeved. The old-line telegraph company, for its part, has been complaining about the Bell System for some time. Until very recently, the Federal Communications Commission (FCC), which is supposed to regulate both companies, has looked the other way. Now, with its telegraph-message business in a shambles, Western Union has told the FCC it can hardly continue to sustain this public service unless the telephone company stops its aggressive war on Western Union's "heartland" — its private-wire and data-communication service. The Bell System, naturally, denies all charges. But this time the FCC, under Chairman E. William Henry, has decided to take a close look at AT&T. And it has called for a complete inquiry into the cost, rate and earnings structure of the telephone octopus.

AT&T today is less a company than a quasi-political state. Never in history has a company made so much money—$1.76 billion in profits in 1964. This figure is greater than the combined income of the thirty poorest American states or the five richest. The Bell System's net income, after taxes, roughly equals the national income of Sweden. Moreover, if AT&T, in a fit of madness, were to give away its telephone business, its other activities would still rank it among the twenty biggest U.S. industrial companies. The company owned approximately $3.5 *billion* worth of cash and marketable securities at the end of 1964. This is despite annual capital expenditures greater than those of most European governments.

The most fascinating thing about these statistics is AT&T's obvious embarrassment when confronted with them. But the phone company gets results by practicing its particular saccharine style. Its performance, on the surface, reminds one of an old Frank Capra scenario. Frederick Kappel, the company's chairman, has been known to answer irate customer mail personally. A man of formidable intelligence,

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Kappel lards his speeches with Boy Scout maxims and folksy phrases. AT&T's headquarters is an aging sandstone building in a sea of cut-rate discount stores on Lower Broadway. "We try to stress we're a community business — you know us, your friendly telephone company," says one Bell executive, "Well, can you imagine what would happen to our image if we put up a seventeen-block head office?" Yet from 195 Broadway, AT&T runs Western Electric (the world's biggest telephone manufacturer), Bell Laboratories (the nation's finest research plant), twenty-one regional telephone companies in forty-eight states, and keeps tabs on some 800,000 employees. Theodore Vail, the company's first president, deliberately created this "federal" structure for AT&T: ". . . each local company occupying its own territory and performing all local functions; the AT&T binding them all together with long-distance lines and looking after the relations between local companies and other companies." As a result of Vail's ingenuity, forty-eight different state regulatory groups have to negotiate separate rates for regional services (only interstate rates are regulated by the FCC). The cash, however, flows back to one source—195 Broadway.

It is just this diffusion of political power that raises the most controversial questions. Wherever one turns these days, AT&T is sure to be part of the scene. Three years ago, Sen. Russell B. Long said on the Senate floor: "If one were seeking to employ a member of one of the outstanding law firms to represent him in a suit against this corporation, the odds are substantial that whichever firm he approached would be among those retained by the AT&T." Today almost every chamber of commerce in the country has Bell System executives among its more active members, and at least one of them will probably be found on its board. In view of all this it is not surprising to learn that the Bell System owns (the company has never sold a telephone in its history) 92 per cent of all the telephones in the United States, and has a 100 per cent monopoly on all long-distance calls. Perhaps the only area where the Bell System is less active than it would like is in the business sector of the economy. It is here that in recent years AT&T has dropped the image of kindly Mother Bell to wage a ferocious economic war on such competitors as RCA, Mackay, Motorola and others. But the chief victim of AT&T's aggression has been its old rival, Western Union. Inevitably, these battles raise questions about AT&T's size and power. But before such questions can be discussed it is worth going back briefly into history.

First came Theodore N. Vail, an ex-station agent for the Union Pacific; at that time, in the 1870s, Western Union, then fifteen times the size of Bell, was making deep inroads into the telephone business. Vail, hired by Alexander Graham Bell's father-in-law as general manager of the Bell Company, began to fight back. In 1879, he won a court case in which Western Union agreed to stay out of the telephone business, and Bell agreed to stay out of the telegraph field. Then Vail, one of the greatest organization men who ever lived, recapitalized the Bell Company. Meanwhile, he acquired monopoly control of Western Electric, the best telephone-equipment manufacturer of the day. In 1885, with the substantial backing of the Morgan interests, a new corporation, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company was formed. Money came from abroad too; among the financial backers were substantial British interests, including the British Government (which still remains a substantial stockholder). Inevitably, as the telephone passed from fad to necessity, other companies moved into the territory. Between 1893 and 1913, a murderous fight took place among the independent telephone companies, Western Union (which was trying to buy up the independents) and AT&T. In the course of all these shenanigans, Vail, who was nothing if not ingenious, managed to buy up 30 per cent of Western Union's stock—enough to seize control of the telegraph company.

By 1912, chaotic conditions in the telegraph and telephone industries brought pressure in Congress for some kind of antitrust action against Bell. When the Wilson administration took office in 1913, one of its first actions was to prepare and publish a report, "Government Ownership of the Electrical Communications Industry." To the New Freedom's challenge, Vail—a master propagandizer — responded with a massive advertising campaign. The slogan, similar to one Joseph Goebbels was to coin in the future, was "One System, One Policy, Universal Service." But suddenly, the government cracked down hard. To avoid government ownership, the AT&T signed an understanding with the Justice Department known as the Kingsbury Commitment. Under its terms, the Bell System agreed to dispose of its stock in Western Union, agreed to cease acquiring control over independent telephone companies which operated in competition with any portion of the Bell System and accepted the principle of free competition in both telephone and telegraph. In essence, the United States dissolved the Bell monopoly.

Between the two World Wars, AT&T spent millions on research, thus laying the foundations for its glittering postwar success. Western Union, in those years, paid little heed to technology and floundered through the thirties under a dismal "no-change" management.

It was a competitive free-for-all, and the way things turned out, it must be concluded that while Bell was selling service to an ever-growing telephone public, Western Union was sliding downhill. It was no coincidence that the telegraph company was accused of (1) low quality of service; (2) errors in transmission; (3) failure to maintain secrecy of messages; (4) slow service. The blunt fact was that the company favored business users over what it called its "social" telegram service. AT&T, without even trying, ate into Western Union's sales, and the company's domestic telegraph revenues slumped from 35.2 per cent (in 1926) to 18 per cent (by 1943) of total revenue. The public got a further battering from Western Union in 1943. In that year it was allowed to absorb its rival, Postal Telegraph, which victory it celebrated by immediately closing hundreds of public telegraph offices. Clearly, Western Union, not wanting the public message business any more, did its level best to get rid of it. Thus, at the end of World War II, with a money-losing operation on its hands, Western Union had no choice but to expand its private wire, TELEX, and data-processing service. These now became the telegraph company's "heartland." By the late fifties, when the computer age loomed up, Western Union was on top of the market. Its gross revenues from these serv-

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ices soared from $6 million in 1948 to $63 million by 1962.

Western Union's data-communication bonanza, however, didn't escape the attention of the telephone company's long-range planners. It was fairly obvious to AT&T that by the end of the sixties a saturation point would be reached in what it calls its horizontal market—a basic black telephone in a single household. With the introduction of its latest technological miracle, ESS (electronic switching system), Bell's chief engineer, in 1962, told the FCC: "I think it quite apparent that if we can have a maximum number of customers sharing facilities, particularly in a costly switching plant, we can get maximum utilization of this plant." Stripped of verbiage, AT&T was saying: "We put this huge system in ahead of demand; we now need an expansion of demand to justify the cost." This was the tip-off to Western Union that AT&T was planning to raid its heartland market.

Even earlier, AT&T had quietly dropped its sweet-young-girl-at-the-switchboard ads. In her place was an earnest young man wearing executive spectacles and pushing a copy line that read: "Get together with our Communications Consultant soon . . . he's experienced in spotting business communications problems." What is more, AT&T came up with a service that sounded suspiciously like Western Union's TELEX. The Bell System's busy communication consultant (euphemism for salesman) had the answer to the large company's problems—TELPAK. Basically, TELPAK is a scheme for block-selling a variety of written-word-and-voice services with price concessions for large-volume use. As the president of Western Union told the FCC:

> *The TELPAK offering tends to force customers to take all of their requirements for private wire service from one carrier. Otherwise they cannot obtain all of the advantages of the lower charges. . . .* For all practical purposes, the initial package makes him a permanent captive customer. (Emphasis theirs.)

In brief, AT&T was executing a classic monopoly ploy — building ahead of demand, shifting in with block-selling, hoping, in time, to pre-empt the market place. Such an aim has historic parallels with the famous Alcoa antitrust case. Judge Learned Hand then wrote:

> *Nothing compelled it to keep doubling and redoubling its capacity before others entered the field. It insists that it never excluded competitors; but we can think of no more effective exclusion than progressively to embrace each new opportunity as it opened, and to face every newcomer with new capacity already geared into a great organization, having the advantage of experience, trade connections, and the elite of personnel. . . .*

From an AT&T Advertisement

Today, Western Union is a shadow of its former self, while AT&T is thirty-five times the size of the telegraph company. Early last year, Western Union complained to the FCC that the giant telephone company was using its profitable telephone operations to help subsidize "unreasonably" low rates for business services. For once, the FCC acted and ordered the AT&T to produce its books. The result raised eyebrows. In 1964, the AT&T, according to its own figures, earned 10 per cent on its toll telephone services. By sharp contrast, its return on special services to business (including TELPAK) ranged as low as 0.3 per cent. It looked as though Western Union knew what it was hinting at.

All this open discussion about AT&T's rates has caused no end of commotion in the company's homely little offices at 195 Broadway. But at this juncture the FCC pulled yet another surprise. It told the telephone company to get ready for an investigation into its rate-and-earnings structure. Never in its seventy-five-year history has AT&T been subject to a full-scale federal investigation. Predictably, Chairman Kappel told the press, ". . . the telephone-using public will be the loser." As things stand at the present he is probably correct. AT&T has reckoned it will be out of pocket a cool $12 million just to get the books ready, and no doubt the telephone-using public will be expected to foot the bill. Meanwhile, things actually seem to be improving over at Western Union. The tired old telegraph company, no friend of the public in recent years, has suggested to the FCC that it might do something to lower rates on "social" telegrams. And not long ago it sent out an oral order asking its night operators to stop telephoning death messages. Instead, it suggested that messengers personally deliver what the company calls "dead stuff." Nothing, it seems, improves public service like a little competition—and an old-fashioned government inquiry.

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Taking Man's Measure

MAN'S NATURE AND HIS COMMUNITIES: Essays on the Dynamics and Enigmas of Man's Personal and Social Existence. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons. 125 pp. $3.95.

Michael Wreszin

"Niebuhr is the father of us all." So spake the diplomat, George Kennan, and his fealty has been echoed by influentials in the government, clergy and the academy. Niebuhr is the father of a religious neo-orthodoxy which has taken an agonizing look at man's limitations. He is the fatherly philosopher of the school of political "realism" that plays such a dominant role in shaping and justifying current foreign policy. He is the darling daddy of academicians who, in their newfound maturity, have discovered a new dimension of existence, the dimension of anxiety, guilt and corruption. Surveying the lowlands from the magisterial heights of Mount Morningside, Reinhold Niebuhr has, for nearly the past four decades, taken the measure of man. In over twenty volumes and approximately 1,000 articles he has explored man's nature and his destiny and described his individual and collective morality and immorality. This monumental task has been accomplished with an eloquent and erudite humility mixed with a liberal dose of hard-boiled *Realpolitik*. Reinhold Niebuhr is not only a student of paradox but its master practitioner.

Man's Nature and His Communities is a slim yet weighty volume. In his autobiographical introduction, Niebuhr describes his long journey from a social gospel minister in the dingy environs of Detroit in 1916 to his present eminence as one of the nation's counselors in affairs of state. The story is full of fire and brimstone, for Niebuhr has consistently wrestled with the profoundest questions of the theological imagination and engaged in dialogue with its most eminent spokesmen. He has also been an activist concerned with nearly every major political and social issue of the last fifty years. After a decade as a member of the Socialist Party and a full-fledged Marxist critic of capitalist society, he became one of the founding members of the ADA. Although theologically Right and for most of his career politically Left, it has become much more difficult to label him in recent years. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., proclaims himself a Niebuhrian and has announced that Niebuhr as much as any other man has "helped to accomplish in a single generation a revolution in the bases of American liberal thought." Morton White, professor of philosophy at Harvard, in a critical attack on Niebuhr, has conceded that the theologian is "the most powerful, and it must be added, most democratic and courageous opponent of secular liberalism on the American scene." Russell Kirk, whom one might presume to be on the other side of the barricades, claims that Niebuhr's writings have "touched upon the failings of our life with a tone nobly conservative." Through it all he has been considered a "great and good friend" by *Time* magazine.

What it amounts to is that Niebuhr has always asked important questions and remained a severe self-critic. His public confessions of error have involved a sustained attack on most of the traditions of the West. As a theologian and devoutly religious man he has repeatedly contended that religion is irrelevant as a solution to the complex social and political problems of the modern world. As a moral man he has suggested that moral absolutes have no place in the political dialogue. As a champion of nearly every specific liberal cause that one can name, he has chided liberals for their stupidity, shortsightedness and refusal to understand the nature of man and his society. As a product of a social protestantism and pragmatic optimism he has ridiculed the idea of progress and the belief that man's capacity for reason makes a triumph over evil inevitable. As a critic of historical determinism his books are full

Michael Wreszin is the author of Oswald Garrison Villard: Pacifist at War. *(Indiana University Press). Mr. Wreszin teaches history at Queens College.*

To the Rulers

(to spare the innocents)

He who withdraws
wins
by these souls.
Buonaparte
"stood for progress."
Simple
killing
changed all that.
Consider
the dead of the East.
Rulers,
fear ye not?
What bomb
unmakes
the unblinking past?
What honor
(say what we will)
unkills the blazing babe?
He who is right
stays *His* hand
from thee and me.
Lay down arms.
Lo,
the poor addict
fears withdrawal.
Fear not.
Lay down arms.
Fear ye not.

M. L. Rosenthal

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of demands that men take into account the inexorable forces of history. As a former Christian pacifist he has maintained since the 1930s a vigorous attack on pacifist politics. Consistency, foolish or otherwise, has never dogged the thought of Reinhold Niebuhr.

Niebuhr could be described as the patriarch of a post-utopian age. His formative training began in the era of disillusionment following World War I. Whatever residual faith he may have had in man's capacity, through reason or grace, to solve the problems of international barbarity was severely undermined by the aberrations of the Nazis. Organized genocide confirmed Niebuhr's increasing skepticism concerning the liberal belief in the innate goodness of man and his potential perfectability. Unfortunately, as he examined his own past liberalism within the framework of traditional Protestant theology, he adopted what he still considers the "historically and symbolically correct" concept of original sin. This proved to be a tactical error for the purpose of effective political dialogue. Although he had taken pains to deny the historicity of the "primitive myth of the Fall of Adam in the garden . . . the remnants of social optimism," both religious and secular, regarded him as "a regressive religious authoritarian, caught in the toils of an ancient legend."

Niebuhr's interpretation of original sin is, to be sure, not an exercise in rational logic but it is hardly old-fashioned. On the contrary, his conception is not far removed from the atheistic existentialism of Jean-Paul Sartre. Both are attacks on a complacent, liberal bourgeois mentality. For Sartre, man is an object in the world and at the same time distinguished from the inanimate and animal world by a transcendent consciousness. It is the ancient dualism between the physical world as opposed to the world of mind and spirit. Man's existence is in and moved by the contingencies of both realms. This presents the terrible dilemma of the "absurd human predicament." The vitality of man's transcendent consciousness compels him to desire to become God. This futile pride in attempting to grasp the unknowable is the source of man's absurdity. As Sartre puts it: "Man is a useless passion." Albert Camus discussed the same problem in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, where he related the absurd dilemma to Kierkegaard's Christian existentialist concept of sin. "Sin is not so much knowing (if it were everyone would be innocent) as wanting to know. Indeed it is the only sin of which the absurd man can feel that it constitutes both his guilt and his innocence."

Niebuhr's understanding of sin embraces the same enigmatic vision. For Niebuhr, man's freedom is his capacity to transcend the natural limitations he shares with the animal world. He too stresses the paradoxes and ambiguities that characterize the mystery of human existence. Man is both free through his consciousness and bound by his creatureliness. He is both limited and limitless. "Anxiety is the inevitable concomitant of the paradox of freedom and finiteness in which man is involved. Anxiety is the internal precondition of sin." Sin for Niebuhr is the inevitable arrogant pride of men who in their finiteness claim to have overcome it. It is man's desire to be God. Man is a useless passion.

Rational logicians are naturally disturbed by a concept that connects the inevitability of an act with sin, which connotes blame. Niebuhr has responded to charges of irrationality in a manner appropriately similar to Jonathan Edwards. That 18th-century Puritan divine suggested in his own *Doctrine of Original Sin* that "it signifies nothing to exclaim against plain fact . . . fact obliges us to get over the difficulty, either by finding out some solution, or by shutting our mouths and acknowledging the . . . scantiness of our understanding." Niebuhr has written: "The doctrine of original sin remains absurd from the standpoint of a pure rationalism. . . . But there is no resource in logical rules to help us understand complex phenomena, exhibiting characteristics which seem to require that they be placed into contradictory categories of reason." As a good "realist" he now abandons the term in favor of such substitutes as selfishness, self-regard and egoism in deference to the "remnants of social optimism."

The first and title essay, making

Sightseeing in Provincetown

If your elbow were
and your loins
its tongue

and if your ribs were
and if one leg
the bloody claw of a chicken

and if your buttocks were
the lips clasping
from which wasps were flying

glossy with mad hilarity
your left breast were
with numerous nipples

its jaws straining
and if from your slick head
with inrolled eyes

a snake
and if rags of flame
it being the unhinged door

and if
you saw a cat's mouth
giving birth

of a face whose skin peeled back
with raw lips stretched
and if in the gullet's vortex

a tiny figure scalded red
both girl and boy
by a tooth

Chief Lucifer
the colors like flesh
under an exceptionally clear patina

"The Last Judgment"
gilt-framed
in Provincetown

an eagle's head
the mouth of a cat
many ripped tongues of flame

the membranous wings of a dragon
were of black leather
grafted to the knee

the cheeks of a laughing insane face
a trumpet
the wasps' eyes clearly seen

and if although you were male
a large pale polyp
and the other breast a dog's head

to swallow a severed thigh
that of a rhinoceros
there curved instead of a snout

with a fishhook through its neck
flew from your navel
of a furnace

looking down
between your legs
to the dripping lower half

hung from the earlobes
in a sonorous scream
there bobbed

a Janus-faced child
impaled through one armpit
then you'd be elected

of S. H. Masters' Hell
like silk like fruit
smooth as petunia

(Austria c. 1480)
on a plum-velvet-covered wall
1965

May Swenson

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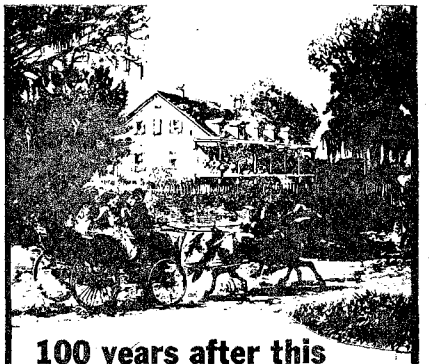
up most of the volume, is a survey of "idealist" and "realist" political theories, particularly as they pertain to ideas about man's mixed capacity for both destructive egoism and creative altruism. Niebuhr believes that throughout history most consistent theories, whether "realist" or "idealist," and regardless of their religiosity or secularity, have neglected "to observe the intricate relations between the creative and disruptive tendencies of human freedom." Idealists have optimistically judged man's capacity to extend his sense of social obligation and have obscured man's individual and collective self-regard. The realist on the other hand has invariably emphasized man's egoism and obscured his residual moral and social capacity.

Although it is Niebuhr's point that both positions are in error in making such a rigid separation, he has been far more tolerant of the realist position than toward that of the idealist. In this volume he is more conciliatory and admits to a "rather violent, and sometimes extravagant, reaction" to what he conceives to be utopianism. When one remembers that his initial reaction began around the time that Bruce Barton was proclaiming Jesus as the first advertising man and predicting the imminent Kingdom of God and Business on earth, his former petulance is understandable. Nevertheless in this essay he wants to emphasize that it is not an either-or problem, but that there exists an intricate interrelationship between man's selfish and rational capacities, and that both play a part in his destructive as well as creative activities. He insists that there exists an "ideological taint of self-interest in the most rationally conceived social standards . . . [which] validates political realism in its debate with most idealistic theories. . . ." Conversely, "ambition or self-regard is not necessarily opposed to creativity . . . sometimes it is the source of the push which gives the opportunity for the exercise of creativity." Creativity is for Niebuhr, by definition, loyalty to ends that transcend self-interest. In any case, Niebuhr remains adamant in his contention that man's reason is not confined to his efforts to solve social and political problems. It is used in pursuit of narrow self-interest as well as in support of the most gregarious social behavior.

Niebuhr has, at times, expressed a note of mild optimism concerning the individual's ability to strike a creative balance between egocentrism and altruism, but he has been very much disturbed about the difficulty of national states doing the same. In *Moral Man and Immoral Society* he maintained that "collective self-regard of class, race and nation is more stubborn and persistent than the egoism of individuals." This was to discourage naive reformers who believed that by educating the individual one might purify the society. In this essay there appears to be a new development in his thinking. He still notes that nations show a marked tendency to seek their own interests and this, Niebuhr claims, justifies the realistic interpretation of international relations as "the only valid description of their behavior and *possibly the only true solution to the problem this behavior poses.*" (Italics mine.)

It is this concept that self-interest in international relations may offer the only solution to the problem it poses that undoubtedly accounts for the increasingly contemptuous skepticism not only about the "realism" of contemporary realists, but about their sincerity as well. In his development of this paradox Niebuhr predictably pays homage to Hans Morgenthau as "one of the most brilliant and authoritative of political realists." Despite the fact that Mr. Morgenthau may be, at the present moment, chagrined by the application of some of his ideas, Niebuhr cites his assertion that regardless of the moralistic eloquence of statesmen, "power is always the immediate aim." Nations may possibly have noble and selfless ends but power is the only means by which any ends may be achieved, provided, of course, a nation has a realistic estimate of its own power. Niebuhr notes from another study that Morgenthau believes that most pretensions of loyalty to more inclusive values have been sheer hypocrisy. He feels that Morgenthau is probably right since he is dealing with the collective dimension of human behavior where "realist assumptions are most justified." But Niebuhr suggests that in pursuing this tack the realist may possibly obscure "the residual capacity for justice and devotion to the larger good" which may be found even within the policies of national self-interest. He questions the utility of Morgenthau's demand that statesmen confess their real motives in the manner of the Tammany boss, George Washington Plunkitt, who insisted that politicians candidly recognize their greed for honest graft. Niebuhr feels that one should ask: Is there anything in the "anatomy of man which prompts



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his embarrassment about the consistent self-regard . . . and the consequent hypocrisy of claiming a higher motive than the obvious one"? Niebuhr's answer is yes. The evidence is the hypocrisy itself. Hypocrisy, Niebuhr argues, is an "index to a residual creative capacity of [man's] freedom."

Niebuhr seems to be saying that man's ability to construct philosophical, political, religious and scientific structures of culture and civilization that transcend the parochial limits of the national interest may be hypocritical, because in any conflict with the aims of the national interest they are subordinate, but they also may be creative. They are valuable because there is the possibility "that even a residual loyalty to values transcending national existence may change radically the nation's conception of the breadth and quality of its 'national interest.'" This may be unfair but it seems to suggest that if a nation repeats its hypocritical pretensions often enough they may come true. From the cynicism of George Washington Plunkitt to the "realism" of Norman Vincent Peale! Perhaps this is the source of so much banality emanating from the state and executive departments under the cloak of national idealism—or is it realism?

From this point on, Niebuhr abruptly lapses into the rhetoric of the cold war, and the eloquent universality of his observations gives way to a species of tribalism which he deplores in a later essay. In pursuing his discussion of those structures of cultural ideology that may broaden a nation's conception of its national interest, he deals with the two "super-nations," Russia and America. America is devoted to a pluralistic, democratic society. Russia, on the other hand, "scorns the pluralism of the West and intends to annihilate all scientific, cultural and religious interests and groups which do not subscribe to its dogma." Niebuhr seems determined in this discussion to use polemical rhetoric which forces the reader to return to an earlier observation concerning the "veil of democratic ideals [that] was inevitably used to cover the common, even universal impulses, which America shared with all nations—to increase its dominion and power."

Niebuhr feels, nevertheless, that something good may come out of these opposing ideologies. Both claim universal validity and both are forced to occasionally make their national interest conform to a broader and more humane cultural ideology. The foreign economic aid of both countries and the federal interference in the civil rights battle are cases in point. He concedes that they are not really sacrifices of the national interest but they do serve to "satisfy the conscience of the nation's most sensitive citizens." Thus a wise foreign policy is developing that recognizes the concurrent demands of power, prestige and force. The "prudent handling of these affairs is a modest but important triumph of human reason." Niebuhr seems to have forgotten his own warning that "the line between cynicism and realism is not too sharply defined when the realist seeks to unmask the pretensions of the idealist."

This tortuous rationalization may help to explain why the new technicians of power and *Realpolitik* have in recent years found Niebuhr's writing so satisfying. Niebuhr, even in this essay, has expressed the fear that the "realist" theory may encourage an "omni-competent and omnipotent political authority" and was prompted to reassert his conviction that a "realist conception of human nature should be made the servant of an ethic of progressive justice" rather than a "bastion of conservatism . . . which defends unjust privilege." Recent events offer small encouragement for this conviction and the men who have apparently profited by his writings show little inclination to heed his warnings.

Reinhold Niebuhr is 73. After several decades of intense scholarship and militant activity in political affairs it is understandable that he should be prudent and also exhibit some satisfaction in America's substantial achievements. He is now certain that the "open societies of the West have eliminated the injustices of early industrialism by their own democratic ideals, and not by communist means" and that their example provides the only hope for the future. At one point he suggests that the civil rights movement is in its final stages. By this he apparently means that it should not take longer than another century to achieve its ends. One suspects that younger militants will take little comfort from these cheerful pronouncements. Nor will a younger generation look with much fondness upon his continuing acceptance of an earlier belief that "the balance of power is about the highest goal to which a society can aspire."

Formerly, Niebuhr seemed to understand that visionary and utopian ideas provided the motive power for any progressive action. But, as he admits, it took "all the tragedies of history" to clear his mind of illusions. One at least hopes that as he continues to survey the scene he will be ever more mindful of an earlier promise to review his own errors whenever he is tempted to impatience with some young student who fails to disavow what he "realistically" understands to be illusions.

Kidding Our Puritan Conscience

NEW ENGLAND FRONTIER: Puritans and Indians, 1620-1675. By Alden T. Vaughan. Little, Brown & Co. 430 pp. $7.50.

William Eastlake

In 1620 a group of bigots called Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock after having just stolen some corn from the Indians across the bay, and in 1965 Alden T. Vaughan has written an apology for the extinction of the New England Indians by the Pilgrims, for that is what happened in the following 100 years. The Puritans' most apocalyptic genocide was the near elimination of the Pequots in 1637. Vaughan uses the euphemism "chastisement" in explaining the massacre. *Pequot* was the name of Melville's doomed ship in *Moby Dick,* and so Melville remembered that the extinction of any race, the subversion of any culture, even an "inferior" culture, is evil. This is true even when accomplished by the well-meaning, honorable, cool and just Puritans.

Part of the justification for the Puritan attack on the New England Indians was that many of the Indian tribes helped the whites in attacking the others. This is our justification for our actions in Vietnam today, for many of the people there are helping us. The Puritans wanted to bring "Rule by Law" to New England. They wanted to bring a Christian God. They wanted to stop the seeming anarchy, the communal, godless hedonism which they thought they saw in the sachems and their tribes. The Puritans failed in changing this, but they killed a lot of Indians. I don't know

William Eastlake is the author of several novels, the most recent of which is Castlekeep *(Simon & Schuster).*

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if there is a moral here for our behavior in Vietnam, but I believe there is a corollary. Americans are still dedetermined to do good even if it kills the object of their charity.

Vaughan contends that the white man did not push the Indians off his land, that it was all done legally. This is true, but it is also true that the laws were white man's laws. In 1633, in the midst of dissension with the Indians over land, in the words of one puritan Puritan: "God ended the controversy by sending smallpox among the Indians." It knocked out most of the New England Indians, including several chiefs and seven hundred Narragansetts. By the time the white man's epidemic was over many of the Indian settlements had lost their entire population. The white man's plague had affected virtually no Puritans. And did the Puritans regret the disaster, and show compassion? As Governor Winthrop drawled while not putting down his cigar: "If God were not pleased with our inheriting these parts, why did He drive out the natives before us and why does He make roome for us by diminishinge them as we increase?" Another Puritan later commented: "Without this awful and terrible stroke of God upon the natives we would with great difficulty have found room."

After remarking on the Pequot War Vaughan has the temerity, the gall—the absence of mind?—to state in his epilogue and conclusion: "The fact that one ethnic group deteriorated while another flourished in a given area is not proof of causal relationship." Indeed, indeed. Vaughan states in the same paragraph that by 1750 the Indians had almost disappeared from the New England scene. What do you suppose caused this? The hot sun, the warm rain? The high cost of airplane parts? That is no way to kid our Puritan conscience.

When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth they came armed with some formidable gadgets; diseases against which the Indians had no resistance, including the romantic diseases like syphilis; guns; the lie of salvation; whipping posts and stocks. But it would be wrong to suggest that the Puritans were aggressive, at least during the first ten years after their landing, while they were still vastly outnumbered by the Indians. It was not until thousands of reinforcements had arrived, mostly at the Boston Bay Colony, which soon became larger than Plymouth, that the Pilgrims took the offensive, consisting of a moral castigation of the Indians, a further encroachment on Indian lands (all legal), outrage at the Indian pleasure principle (fornicating in broad daylight when they should be working), and finally when all else failed—war. The great war did not come until 1675, fifty years after the Pilgrims arrived. It was called King Philip's War after an Indian who led the tribes, and when it ended it finished any further nonsense on the Indians' part.

By popular myth today the Indian had no culture; he was a child of the forest. It is forgotten that when the Puritans arrived in New England the Indians lived in villages and had an agricultural economy and a code of conduct that was in many ways superior to the Puritans' righteousness. One of the prime purposes in the New World for the Puritans was to convert the Indians to Jesus Christ. They believed the Indians to be Jews, the Lost Tribes of Israel. They should have realized how tough it is to convert Jews. The Puritans didn't convert many Indians; they killed quite a few, though.

Politics of Poetry and History

A POETS' WAR: British Poets and the Spanish Civil War. By Hugh D. Ford. University of Pennsylvania Press. 327 pp. $7.50.

THE SIEGE OF THE ALCAZAR. By Cecil D. Eby. Random House. 239 pp. $4.95.

Gabriel Jackson

In *A Poets' War,* Hugh D. Ford has studied in great detail the personalities, the works and the political positions adopted during the Spanish Civil War by some two dozen British poets, most of whom were in their 20s at the time, and most of whom sympathized with the Republican government. He has also studied the positions taken editorially by the important newspapers and literary journals, and he reports the attitudes of well-known intellectuals such as J.M. Keynes and C.E.M. Joad.

A truly interesting literary problem raised by the book is whether an intense, and relatively naive, political commitment can be expressed in poetry of enduring value. A reading of Ford's book shows how many and formidable were the obstacles. Almost all the poets were young and self-conscious. They had not yet had time to forge their own poetic diction or identify their own poetic personality. Most of them tended, for poets, to be overly cerebral in their view of life, and this weakness was magnified by their conscious effort to fuse poetry with propaganda. They were writing about subjects of which they had very little personal experience, and they had had no time to absorb this experience before attempting to transmute it into poetry. The majority tried to portray the war without ever having left England. Those who fought in the international brigades tried to write convincingly of war before they had absorbed the first shocks of their own initiation. They hoped that in spite of fatigue, or wounds, they could summon the necessary concentration to create literature. They tried feelingly to portray the Spanish people, whose language and culture they did not know.

Considering their difficulties of inexperience with the subject matter, one senses also that they were uneasy with their political commitments. Most

Gabriel Jackson, author of The Spanish Republic and the Civil War *(Princeton University Press) teaches History and Humanities at the University of California, La Jolla.*

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of them were Communists or "fellow travelers." A few were Socialists or anarchists. Their political faith was too new genuinely to have become a part of their fundamental emotional and intellectual reactions. Hence the bathos and the shrillness. In wrestling with their own doubts while accepting the duty to contribute to the cause with their pens, they lost sight of the critical standards they would probably have applied to their own work in other circumstances. Partial exception to the above generalizations should be made for the Communist poet John Cornford and for the pro-Nationalist poet Roy Campbell. But on the whole, the poetry cited by Ford makes dreary reading. All of which does not prove that political commitment cannot be transmuted into poetry. There are Euripides, Schiller, Wordsworth and Shelley to prove the contrary in the past. And the *Romancero de la résistance espagnole*, edited by Dario Puccini in 1962, contains many beautiful French and Spanish poems inspired directly by the Civil War. But the British poets studied by Mr. Ford were too uncertain both of their convictions and of their specific subject matter.

Mr. Eby tells the story of the siege of the Alcázar of Toledo. During August and September, 1936, the Popular Front militia attempted unsuccessfully to force the surrender of some 1,200 civil guards, cadets and other insurgents who had taken refuge in the Alcázar during the first days of the Civil War. His account is based largely on the biographical and memoir literature published under the Franco regime. These materials are supplemented by the author's interviews with survivors and their families, and by his detailed study of the physical setting. The description is very circumstantial. Dozens of persons are named, and colorful anecdotes about them abound. While the sources are listed at the back of the book, there are few footnotes, and it would be very difficult for a student to check the authenticity of details. The author quotes, as though there could be no question of their authenticity, the Nationalist "verbatim" texts of Colonel Moscardó's many telephone conversations with Republican officers or neutral diplomats. The colonel is properly laconic in dealing with enemies and meddling civilians. The book can be read as an adventure story by persons not too concerned with the accuracy of melodramatic details, or with the attribution of motives. When they read of the assassination of Father Pascual Martín, perhaps they will wonder with the author: "Were his outstretched hands, punctured like Christ's, meant as a final blessing for the assassins, or were they merely raised in an instinctive effort to push the bullets away?"

The obvious trouble with a book of this sort is that it does no justice to the very people it is eulogizing. The siege of the Alcázar was indeed an epic example of human fortitude in the service of religious and political ideals. Like other instances in both camps during the terrible Civil War, it deserves to be treated with the deepest respect for heroism, and with scrupulous attention to conflicts of motives and uncertainties as to facts. It does not deserve to be written up as a TV melodrama.

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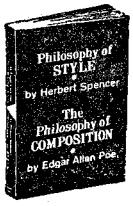

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Palms in the Plaza

AURA. By Carlos Fuentes. Translated by Lysander Kemp. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 74 pp. $3.95.

Jose Yglesias

Carlos Fuentes' new book, *Aura*, is going to puzzle his admirers, accustomed, by his previous three, to mural-size canvases, century-long time spans, and large statements. This short Gothic tale, spun out to 74 pages by large type and small pages, seems at first to have none of his earmarks. A competent example of the genre, it is the story of a young historian who accepts the strange but lucrative job of boarding with an ancient, bedridden woman to prepare her long-dead husband's papers for publication. The old woman's housekeeper is a beautiful young niece who comes to the young man's bed the second night of his stay in the musty rat-infested house; with each passing day—or, rather, night—the niece becomes older, until the young man finds himself in bed finally with the toothless aunt with withered breasts. Was Aura, the niece, real? "She'll come back, Felipe," says the old woman as she takes him in her embrace. "We'll bring her back together. Let me recover my strength and I'll bring her back. . . ." And thus the book in its last paragraph, and none too soon, announces that there may be larger meanings.

Can Fuentes mean that love inevitably involves the loving acceptance of physical decay and death? Or are Aura and the old woman the two faces of Mexico? And does it, then, mean that young revolutionaries, like Fuentes, must learn to love this sacked old hag before they can make her beautiful again? Large, windy questions like these always seem to plague reviews of Fuentes' novels, but heretofore they sat more comfortably with reviewers, given, as the cliché has it, the historical sweep of Fuentes' previous novels. For a Gothic tale must, before anything, succeed by its power to fascinate and horrify, and this *Aura* does not do, despite a fine translation by Lysander Kemp, which is a considerable improvement on the original: I would hazard that only those fixated on nymphets and young boys will be hooked.

Fuentes' failures as a novelist seem obscured for the great majority—if one takes the praise of his work as genuine—by the stylistic firecrackers he sets off. I do not doubt that he is

Jose Yglesias is a novelist and translator of modern Spanish fiction.

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always talking about Mexico's tragedy, always harking back to what made its revolution fail, always damning its uneven capitalist development for the social and cultural emptiness of its present; but in a novel these ideas are merely opinions, unless they are so inherent in the story that plot and style become at least exemplifications of what he has to say. The kind words almost everyone has for him—except the State Department whose literary interests are minimal—confirm that most do take his ideas about the Mexican revolution as opinions and nothing more. Those who like Fuentes' novels because of his political ideas are suffering from a lapse of taste; they are the people who cannot tell what in Whitman is great poetry and what is geographical incantation.

But what people make of a writer's work is less telling than what the writer does. For all his social preoccupations, Fuentes' work shows, with a kind of unconscious obsessiveness, that he is at least equally interested in literary one-upmanship; he can write like Faulkner, Dos Passos, Sartre, Isak Dinesen. And he can go them one better: he can have Greek choruses addressing the hero, he can write interior monologues like William Carlos Williams' unpoetic poetry. A post-Stalin Marxist, he is going to prove that the social novel can utilize all the resources of literature; a Mexican radical, that he is not provincial: he knows there are palms in the lobby of the Plaza.

Aura in its way has all these affectations of the earlier books. His Gothic tale is written in the second person present tense (Kemp has expunged a second person future imperative that is pointlessly mixed in with the other) and it has lyric interior monologues with paragraphs of free verse arranged on the page as if by E. E. Cummings. If the story is really about Mexico, then one could stretch a point and admit to relevance the fact that the old woman's husband was a general of Maximilian's; but I suspect it is only an excuse to show that Fuentes is fluent in French, which he displays often here.

These stylistic devices are more at home and better handled in *Aura* than in *The Death of Artemio Cruz* in which they also appeared along with others. For one thing, they are fewer, and have been smoothed out by the translator; besides the messy second person future tense, Kemp has cleaned up and given orderly sequence to run-on sentences which hark back to the Faulk-

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nerian passages of *Where the Air Is Clear* and *The Death of Artemio Cruz*. But Kemp did not translate the earlier novels, and they appeared in English in literal translations which added unintelligibility to the stylistic *mélange*, thus helping, no doubt, to awe reviewers who read them only in English. In Spanish, his more derivative passages read like translations which are trying to force the language to do what it cannot do, and achieve dissonance when he is trying for resonance.

For a while—maybe after his first book only—one could have said that Fuentes' faults were, primarily, the faults of excess, of reaching too far, trying for too much; all faults easily condoned, for they seemed historically right, as was the case with Dos Passos' *USA:* Mexico and the United States have turbulent histories, their stories and their landscapes are full of stretches no novelist can traverse with ease or digest entirely in the imagination. About his plots there were never any doubts: story-conference myths, rags-to-riches sagas which brought wealth and power to their heroes but not, of course, happiness. But we now have four books with which to judge Fuentes, and it seems clear that his genuine preoccupations are betrayed at every turn by *True Confessions* story elements, and his penchant for having a hand at other writers' styles: Yankee imperialism has harmed him more than he knows.

THEATRE

R. J. Schroeder

A DIFFERENT BUECHNER

George Buechner had but one true love in his short life — and his love object was death. However much scholars or directors discuss the extent to which that passion determines and dominates *Danton's Death* and *Woyzeck,* Buechner unquestionably woos surcease with unabashed abandon in his first play, *Leonce and Lena.* Director Ken Costigan captured the essence of the affair in his production of the play for the Clark Center Drama Company at the West Side YWCA.

Taking his cue from the fact that Buechner placed Death on stage as a speaking character, Costigan worked out opening and bridging sequences of music and choreography that conveyed a vivid sense of fascination with the beckoning unknown. The siren Death is played — it would be more accurate to say mimed and danced — with captivating effect by Valerie von Volz. Under flowing black vestments, her entire figure was clasped in flesh-colored tights. Her seemingly naked challenge thus unsparingly argued the ultimate seduction.

But she does not need to expose her appeal to Prince Leonce, for he begins the play as her willing accomplice. Leonce's initial involvement with Death is almost too convincing. If the Prince has indeed succumbed to oblivion's charms, how can there be a play? With the born showman's sense of timing, Buechner sounds a counterpoint to his constant and crescendo-less theme of doom sought and chosen. For all his fascination with death, Leonce is also not a little in love with the heady, God-miming fun of creating sardonic spoofs of his times and his life.

So, just as the players of our 19th-century melodramas broke up the heaviness of a portentous act with intermission interludes of *She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage,* Buechner interrupts Death's strumpet solicitation with a series of playful caricatures of the tragic hero. The spoofs begin when his Prince mimics that aspect of Hamlet who was the drama's first Angry Young Man, and his Lena celebrates her mad reaction to loss of her Prince's love with rosemary in her hair. Then, after a brief return to his séance with Death, Buechner shows that not even Goethe is immune from his young laughter by sending Prince Leonce on a long spree with a Mephistophelean compatriot. In this sequence, the ambisexual Leonce is shared by his male and female companions, and Lena is an innocent Gretchen whom he seduces along the way.

After another, almost ritualistic courting of Death, Schiller and *Sturm und Drang* come in for a turn of vaudeville. Leonce converts the Romanticists' exhaltation of the emotions of the individual hero into an exaggerated depiction of the self-pitying anguish of the individual anti-hero. The Prince enacts a preview of *Woyzeck;* the language is a perversion of Schiller's rhetoric.

Implicit in *Leonce and Lena's* ambivalences and dichotomies is a qualitatively new and different genre of drama. For the first time in the history of the stage, Aristophanes' style of incisive commentary upon his society and his contemporaries has been joined to a baring of the author's psyche.

Man is never more animal than in those periods when he feels newly deprived of godhood. Such a time was Buechner's. He was, in a sense, a victim of the Napoleonic heresy: he had thought to find, but had unaccountably lost, a deity. His reaction was a desire to foul this earth as he arranged his exit from it. His exposure on stage of the inner self he deprecated was a part of this process. Schopenhauer expressed the mood of the times philosophically, but Buechner expressed it viscerally.

Leonce and Lena is, as would be expected, an imperfect first work. But in terms of drama, not of politics, it is a revolutionary work. It is the first of the essentially interior dramas of psychological self-indulgence, and leads, in an unbroken line, to Jarry, Strindberg, Tolstoi, Joyce and O'Neill (and of course, to the currently most self-indulgent of the self-indulgent genre, John Osborne's marathon *Inadmissible Evidence*). Brecht's most rampant play, *Baal,* is modeled after *Leonce and Lena,* and most of what is seen today at the New York coffeehouses is artistically less valid *Leonce and Lena.*

Costigan's direction of the Clark Center production did not comment upon the play. Instead, it made way for Buechner's own comment. And it did so in a spirited and delightful manner. The confrontation with death's mystique became both awesome and knavish fun. Matters of state were ridiculed in high style, but their absurdity was not made silly. The sexual imagery was handled with imaginative finesse. Only in the final act did Costigan's direction falter. In this act, the dichotomies between Buechner's social farce and his masochistic poetry become, at least to American eyes, extreme. A dash of sustained European cynicism might have narrowed the gap. The playing was highly satisfactory throughout. Russell Horton as Prince Leonce quite properly refused to add his own self-indulgence to that of the playwright, and Beverly Luckenbach as Princess Lena was an evocative foil to Buechner's many moods. Jan McElhaney's

R. J. Schroeder is a free-lance writer whose avocation is the theatre.

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choreography added to the mood and flow of the show.

Comparison of this Buechner production with that of *Danton's Death* at Lincoln Center a few weeks ago is unavoidable. For me, at least, the spirit of George Buechner permeated Clark Center, after having been unable to so much as buy a ticket at Lincoln Center. It is almost impossible to believe that a Buechner who was so completely disillusioned with both the rationalism of Voltaire and the polemicism of Schiller, could have become absorbed in the realistic and single-minded preachments of Herbert Blau's version of *Danton's Death*. It is equally difficult to believe that a Buechner who was enticed by the psychoticism and suicide of Kleist, and who was a progenitor of the spirit of Beaudelaire and Rimbaud, could have become as purged of the love of death, and as unambiguously committed to uplifting social commentary, as Blau's "adaptation" would imply.

For a part of George Buechner must have loved the death of Danton, and thanked Robespierre vicariously for opening the welcome door. Blau's production at Lincoln Center showed New York only one chord of Buechner's melody of ambiguities. No — on second thought, it would seem that another aspect of Buechner was demonstrated. For, however Blau may have failed to play Buechner's orchestration of human ambivalence, he did follow the playwright's lead with respect to self-indulgence.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE 10TH VICTIM
VIVA MARIA

For Christmas week the Continent sent us two notably sanguinary comedies. The coincidence might be taken as a comment on the overkill diplomacy of our Johnson years; more likely, the pictures have no more pointed motive than to profit from America's traditional taste for risible mayhem. With sex heaped on like whipped cream from a squirt can.

The credits are scarcely wiped from the screen of *The 10th Victim* when Ursula Andress dispatches her pursuer with two shots fired at point-blank range from her armed brassiere. Moments later, Marcello Mastroianni does in his prey with a pair of explosive spurs. These two are participants in The Big Hunt, the 21st century's neurotic equivalent of war. The players—for the most part members of the "Au Go Go" set a few decades hence—are alternately hunter and quarry, each pair being selected by a computer stationed in Geneva. There is prize money for each match and anyone surviving ten encounters receives a million dollars (why so little?) and retires in great honor. As you might expect, Miss Andress, an adroit American killer (see stratagem cited above), is electronically selected to eliminate Mastroianni, highly regarded in Italian homicide circles. She arrives in Rome, accompanied by a TV crew that intends to film the assassination for a tea commercial. (I was entertained by the phonetically memorized English of the alleged American technicians. They clearly had no idea what they were saying, and were as well off in their ignorance.)

That all this is an excessively complicated and exceedingly tedious way to bring a man and woman into amorous proximity Mastroianni makes entirely clear. He performs with all the animation of a stand-in modeling the star's clothes at a lighting rehearsal, his only concession to an international reputation for gallantry being to vibrate slightly whenever a female comes within range. And his disaffiliation is the most noticeable only because he is at the center of the alleged action; I cannot recall another picture in which the cast's mind seemed so obviously fixed on lunch. The general air of disenchantment does nothing to cover the shortcomings of a story that is brittle, implausible and a little simple-minded even by the standards of routine science fiction. The actors seemed to be obeying, not the director, Elio Petri, but the imperfectly cabled instructions of an investment group headed by Joseph E. Levine.

Since *The 10th Victim* is set in the world of fashion a generation or so from now, it has been dressed up with examples of last year's Op art and other variously *avant-garde* work — notably some life-sized, three-dimension snow men who appear to be engaged in moving furniture. Similarly, the ladies have been put into sports outfits that look like the rather desperate costume bait to be seen on an August weekend at Grossinger's. The world of the future will surely not be so dependent for chic on back issues of *Woman's Day*. At one moment, some trick doors accidentally slid open to disclose Mastroianni's parents, hidden by him from the euthanasia squad (Italians, their son explains, have an unusually well-developed sense of filial responsibility). This suggested the plot for a picture more absorbing than cops and robbers with real bullets, but unfortunately the doors closed again and the lackluster chase continued.

From France, by way of "somewhere in Mexico," comes *Viva Maria*, a one-picture double feature offering both Jeanne Moreau and Brigitte Bardot. The girls are part of a music-hall caravan touring the donkey trails south of the border at the turn of the century. One night, by accident, they invent the strip tease and their fame sweeps Mexico; another night, also by accident, they become the appassionatas of a revolution, and lead peons by the hecatombs to glorious death.

Louis Mallé, who apparently intended his picture as a lusty musical comedy, spoils the chance by overdoing all his effects, straining for a synthetic naïveté and never implying what he can make explicit. Perhaps having persuaded the Mlles. Moreau and Bardot to appear on the same

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screen, he felt compelled to back up this redundancy of provocation with the maximum noise and confusion. The result is a film of heartless monotony: all those little men in white pajamas, straw hats and crossed cartridge belts from the murals of Rivera dying in the long grass because the girls are tired of doing the cancan. The use of violence in a musical wants a deft touch: one should not, for instance, impale a man with a billiard cue or allow the bullets to be seen cutting across a back; such details spoil the air of gaiety.

And what sort of humor sends Brigitte Bardot off in a closed wagon with three middle-aged café types, to return in the morning, sprung with exhaustion and murmuring that love is indeed a marvelous occupation? It set me to wondering what was the venereal rate in the small towns of Latin America in 1900, a sociological concern that is out of key with Gallic high jinks.

Style is what the Europeans are supposed to teach us, and style is what these two pictures lack. They have no inner conviction, no consistency of tone, no restraint, no wit (but plenty of gags), no originality (but plenty of gimmicks). They look very much as though they had been made to please a nation that serves ketchup with the filet mignon. Vulgarity is an odd sort of export commodity — every nation has enough of its own.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

ate Armed Services Committee and Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. At press time, General Hershey's reply was the only one received.

Two things may be said of the General's defense of reclassifications that followed the University of Michigan incidents.

(1) The sit-down protesters were arrested, but their cases are pending in the courts and as of now, therefore, they are not guilty. But more to the point, if the protesters were in fact guilty of trespass or disorderly conduct or whatever, they will be punished in the courts; it is not the function of Selective Service to punish them.

(2) The General makes these reclassifications analogous to the action taken against those who attempt to avoid being called to military service by various illegal or dishonest means. But there is no analogy between a man who openly protests the draft (even if he uses means which are later found to be illegal) and one who covertly attempts to avoid induction.

Commenting on the Michigan draft board's action, publicly endorsed by General Hershey, Rep. Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee has said: "The draft was never intended to be used as a vehicle of castigation. I urge upon General Hershey and his staff to review this vexatious question before the draft law is further weakened in public acceptance and support."

And in the same week 103 professors from leading American law schools signed a letter to the President that urged him to "state unequivocally that the draft will not and legally cannot be used as a weapon to stifle criticism of Administration policies. . . ." General Hershey has pictured himself elsewhere as a parent administering well-deserved spankings to impertinent youth. Others do not see him in this paternalistic role.

The Editors

Washington coven

West Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Sirs: Lyndon Johnson swore an oath on assuming office to uphold the Constitution of the United States. By his conduct in respect to Vietnam he violated the Constitution. This breach makes him an oath breaker or warlock, to use the Scottish term.

Warlocks are male witches. Could not some antique witchcraft law be revived, and Johnson charged under it? This would be so much simpler than impeachment. *Doug Haskins*

Next on HUAC's list

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Walter Goodman ["The Klan Discovers HUAC"; *The Nation*, Nov. 8] proves to be less than a prophet in his estimate that these hearings were not set up as a prelude to "investigating" the civil rights movement.

A UPI dispatch of Dec. 1, datelined Lafayette, La., states: "The House Committee on Un-American Activities may investigate civil rights groups in a manner similar to its Ku Klux Klan investigation, committee chairman Edwin Willis (D., La.) has hinted."

The dispatch continues: "Willis said his group last March realized the civil rights movement 'was exploited' and that the committee would not lose sight of its jurisdiction in all areas of subversive activities. . . ."

Richard L. Criley

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